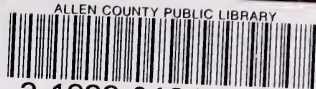


The
Crimson
Rambler
1911

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The 1911 Crimson Rambler

A
Year Book
published by
The Senior Class of
Carthage College



VOLUME I

CARTHAGE COLLEGE
MAY, NINETEEN ELEVEN

To
Mr. Henry Benhart
our friend
and generous benefactor, we
respectfully dedicate
this volume







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Washington, Ill., Feb. 8, 1911

To the Senior Class of 1911:

My Dear Friends: You have asked me to write a few words as an introduction to your 'C. C. Crimson Rambler.'

What better can I say than that my sympathies are with the young people in their efforts for attainment. And after all, the greatest achievement in life is character. With all your book knowledge do not forget this, life with all its struggles, duties, and victories, is a failure unless it means a noble Christian character.

Let me congratulate you upon finishing your college course, and may success attend you in all years to come.

Very sincerely yours,

Henry Denhart

HENRY DENHART

TWO names connected with the annals of Carthage College will always be held in special honor. The one is the name of the first president, Dr. David L. Tressler, by whose rare gifts of heart and intellect were brought together and welded the influences that made possible the beginnings of Carthage College. But Dr. Tressler's early death left the work to which he had dedicated his life unfinished. It was in the years of financial stress and discouragement following his death that Mr. Henry Denhart first became a member of the College Board. From that time, with the exception of a brief interval, and continuously since 1892, he has served the College in that capacity—always a wise and sagacious counsellor.

During all this time every new enterprise in the interests of the College has been inaugurated by a generous gift from Mr. Denhart. When President Ruthrauff began his canvass for a fifty thousand dollar endowment, it was Mr. Denhart's initial subscription of ten thousand dollars that insured the success of the effort. When Denhart Hall, named in his honor, was built and furnished, half the cost was borne by him. When the gymnasium was built, Mr. Denhart agreed to pay one dollar for every dollar secured from other sources until the total sum required was raised. In the spring of 1903 he gave to Carthage College the largest single gift ever given (up to that time) to a Lutheran College in America. This was a gift of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; one hundred thousand to be paid into the endowment fund as soon as an equal sum had been secured from others, and five thousand dollars to be paid into the treasury of the College annually for five years. And the items mentioned are only the largest of the largest in a series of generous and timely gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Denhart extending through all these years. The total of their benefactions to Carthage College cannot be less than one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. All this, too, notwithstanding much discouragement, much caviling and personal criticism.

Not only has Mr. Denhart, by his magnificent generosity, made possible the present continuance and future growth in power and influence of Carthage College, but in his position as member of the Board of Trustees his service has been inestimable. These intangible things cannot be measured, and can never be fully known. We cannot estimate the value to the College of his mastery of affairs and the wisdom of his counsels, but we know that the fullness of his busy life will ever be an inspiration to the students who shall come to Carthage College, and to those who go forth from her walls to fight the strenuous battles of life.

DEAN W. K. HILL



INTRODUCTION

TO all who may peer into the mazes of this book the class of 1911 presents the 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER. For the first time in the history of the school has such a task been undertaken. That we have not compiled a classic, we are aware. It is only a college annual, with the routine tale of college life. In it, not all that we would have realized, but giving what we have we trust that now as well as in years to come it may serve as a storehouse of precious memories of old C. C.



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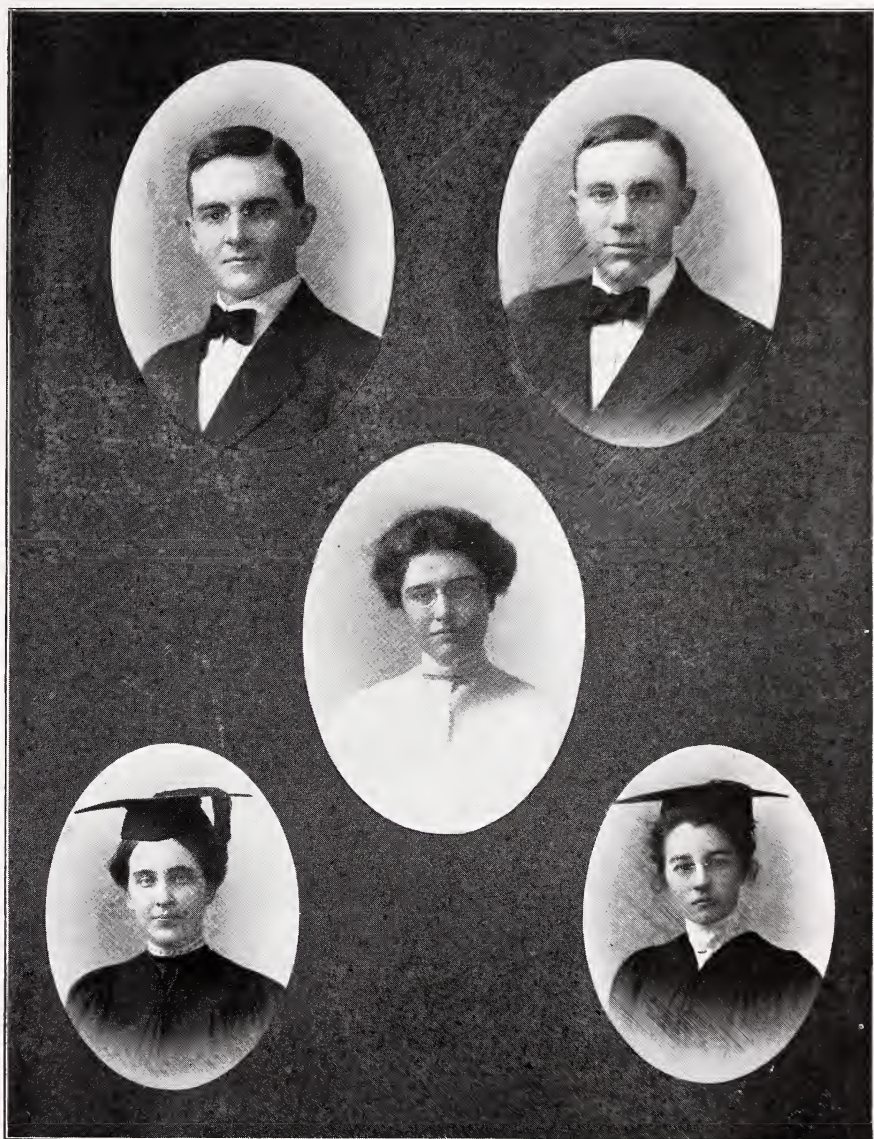
HARRY W. HARTMAN

Assistant Manager

BLANCHE CANNON



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



CARTHAGE
COLLEGE



CARTHAGE COLLEGE

C. C. IS located in the beautiful little city of Carthage, twelve miles from the "father of waters." The generous hearts and interested sympathy of her noble citizens form an uplifting social atmosphere for her students. Hancock County, with its Carthage, Hamilton and Nauvoo, is a community of great historical interest. The healthful climate of this saloonless borough and the refining spirit of its cultured and successful citizens are invaluable assets.

The Curricula of the College are designed to truly educate. The classical course is strong, yet flexible to the needs and desires of the student. The science courses are practical and adapted to technical and professional schools. The literary course is attractive. The School of Music maintains high standards and ideals. Special instruction is given in oratory and physical culture.

The ideal of Carthage is the formation of manly and womanly character—"a character appreciative of excellence, capable of adaptation to whatever responsibilities life may bring, efficient alike in the duties of the home and society, resourceful in leisure, reverent toward accepted truths yet intelligently regardful of progressive ideas, earnest and purposeful, but gentle and self-controlled." We aim to develop leaders.

A loyal body of Alumni et Alumnæ give the college material and immaterial support. This society of unusual and eminent men and women is the finest testimony to the policy and power of Carthage College as an educational and inspirational institution. Graduates and former students are prominent as educators, teachers, lawyers, ministers, missionaries, physicians, engineers, bankers, editors, merchants, farmers, and as leaders in a score of other vocations and professions.

The *Carthage College Bulletin* and the *Carthage Collegian*, with the Annual CRIMSON RAMBLER, are the periodical publications of the College.

The institution is conducted under the auspices of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States of America. It is not sectarian in teaching. Its history since its founding in 1870 is illuminated by many brilliant teachers, generous friends and benefactors.

Carthage College has had an academy in connection with it since its beginning. It is on the accredited list of High Schools in the North Central Association. The John C. Martin foundation provides for special instruction to all students in sacred history and literature and allied subjects.

Carthage is the college for the young man who seeks to become a complete man, and the young woman who desires to be a complete woman. It is a capital of culture, seeking the welfare of society and building the character of the individual.



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DR. CHARLES L. FERRIS	<i>Carthage</i>
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REV. HARVEY DANIEL HOOVER, A. M., B. D., PH. D.
President of Carthage College

DAVID L. TRESSLER PROFESSOR OF MENTAL
AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY, AND JOHN C. MAR-
TIN PROFESSOR OF BIBLE.

Prexy, as we all like to call him, first saw the light of day in New Oxford, Pa., in 1880. After graduating from the public schools, he entered Pennsylvania College, but after his Freshman year, completed his course at Susquehanna University, graduating with honors in 1899, and taking his degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the Seminary in 1902. He was called to the pastorate of the Lutheran church at Friedens, Pa., April, 1902, and after two years resigned, to accept a call to East Hebron church in East Pittsburg. In June, 1907, after pursuing a graduate course in Sociology in the Illinois Wesleyan University, Rev. Hoover was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from that institution. In the spring of 1907 he was elected to the professorship of Sociology, Economics, Rational Theism, and Practical Theology at his Alma Mater. In the summer of 1909 he was called to take up the leadership of our college. Since he has been among us he has never disappointed our hopes.



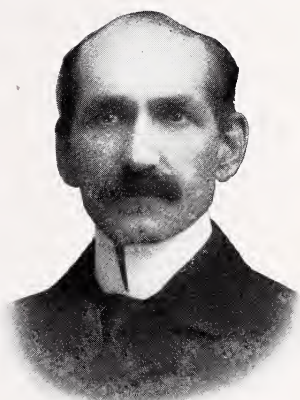
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REV. WILLIAM KUHNS HILL, A. M., D. Sc.

Dean and Professor of Chemistry and Biology

A. B. Pennsylvania College, 1879; Instructor in Mathematics, Dayton (Pa.) Academy, 1880; Principal Blairsville Academy, Blairsville, Pa., 1881-1882; A. M. Pennsylvania College, 1882; Graduated from Gettysburg Seminary, 1884; Professor of Natural and Physical Science, Carthage College, 1884-1892; Superintendent of City Schools, Carthage, Ill., 1893-1901; Professor of Chemistry and Biology, Carthage College, 1901; Dean of Faculty since 1905; Sc. D. Pennsylvania College, 1910.



JUSTIN LOOMIS VANGUNDY, A. M., Ph. D.

Professor of Classic Languages

A. B. Bucknell University, 1887; Teacher of Classical Languages, Bordertown, (N. J.) Military Academy, 1887-1891; A. M. Bucknell University, 1890; Professor of Classic Languages in Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md., 1891-1892; Student of Classical Philology and Sanskrit in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., 1892-93; Director of Department of Ancient and Modern Languages and Vice Principal of High School, Norristown, Pa., 1894-1902; Student of Germanic Philology at the Friedrich Wilhelm University, Berlin, 1902-03; Student of Germanic and Classical Philology at the Johann Friedrich University, Jena, 1903-05; Ph. D. University of Jena, 1905; Professor of Classical Languages, Carthage College, 1906.



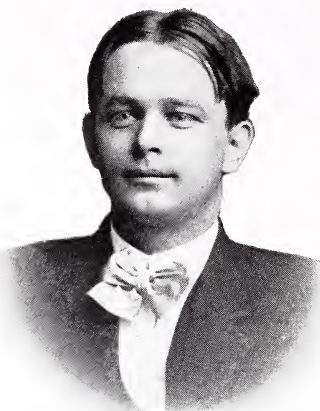
REV. SANFORD NER CARPENTER, A. M., B. D.

Professor of History and English Language and Literature

A. B. Susquehanna University, 1891; A. M. Susquehanna University, 1899; Theological Department, Susquehanna University, 1900; Chicago Theological Seminary; Pastor St. Stephens Lutheran Church, Pittsburg, Pa., 1900-09; Professor of History and English, Carthage College, 1909. Pastor Trinity Lutheran Church, Carthage, Ill., 1911.



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CARL O. SUNDSTROM, A. B.

Professor of Modern Languages

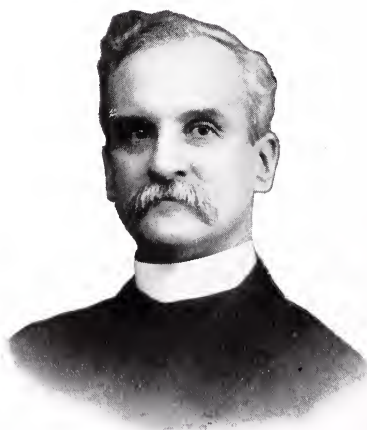
A. B. Bethany College, 1901; Special summer work in Modern Languages, 1901-02; Holds life certificate from State Board of Kansas; Principal of Assaria, Kan., H. S., 1901-03; Principal of Conway, Kan., H. S., 1903-04; Principal of Marquette, Kan., H. S., 1904-05; Professor of Languages, New Mexico Normal University, Las Vegas, New Mex., 1905-07; Professor of Modern Languages, Carthage College, 1907.



HARRY L. HORNER, A. M.

Professor of Mathematics and Physics

A. B. Indiana University, 1906; A. M. Indiana University, 1907; Instructor in Mathematics, Indiana University, 1906-07; Principal Galveston, Ind., High School, 1907; Teacher of Mathematics, Ishpeming, Mich., 1907-08; Graduate Student, Columbia University, summer 1910; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Carthage College, 1908.



REV. JACOB YUTZY, A. M., D. D.

A. B. Pennsylvania College, '76; A. M., 1879; Student Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, 1876-79; Ordained, 1879; Asst. Prof. of Theology, Missionary Institute, 1882-83; Second Professor of Theology, 1883-95; D. D. Hartwick Seminary, 1897; Professor of Semitic Languages, Hebrew and Greek Dogmatics, Pastoral Theology and German, Susquehanna U., 1895-1903; Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Carthage, Ill., 1905-11; Professor of Biblical History, Hebrew and Greek, Carthage College, 1908-11.



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ERMA RAND, A. B.

Teacher of Latin

A. B. Carthage College, 1906; Teacher of English, Ogden, Ia., High School, 1906; Carthage Public Schools, 1907; Instructor of Latin, Carthage College, 1909-.



J. ARTHUR BAIRD, A. B.

A. B. Carthage College, 1900; Graduate Northwestern University Law School, 1903; Admitted to the Illinois Bar, 1904; Practiced Law in Chicago, '04-'08; Coach at Carlton College, Northfield, Minn., 1903-05; Coach at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., 1906-07; Coach of Athletics and Teacher of History in Carthage College, December, 1907; Elected Judge of Hancock County, Nov. 8, 1911.



EMMA J. BELL, B. S.

Teacher of English

B. S. Carthage College, 1907; Graduate Student in English, University of Chicago; Principal of Glencoe, Minn., High School; Principal of Carthage High School; Instructor of English, Carthage College.



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SUSAN M. DAVIDSON

Instructor in Voice

Student at Chicago Conservatory under Bicknell Young and Madam Mazzucato Young. Student with Francis Fisher Powers, Dr. G. Edward Stubbs, and with Mr. Dudley Buck, Jr., of New York City; Teacher of Voice in Maguire Seminary, Booneville, Mo.; College of the Sisters of Bethany, Topeka, Kan.; Brownell Hall, Omaha, Neb.; the Public Schools of Carthage and Carthage College.



MARGHERITA KOCH, A. B.

Instructor in Piano

A. B. State University of Iowa, 1909; Studied with Ida Felkner, Mary Wood Chase and Ralph Lawton at University of Iowa; Instructor of Piano, Pipe Organ, Harmony, and History of Music in Carthage College, 1909-.



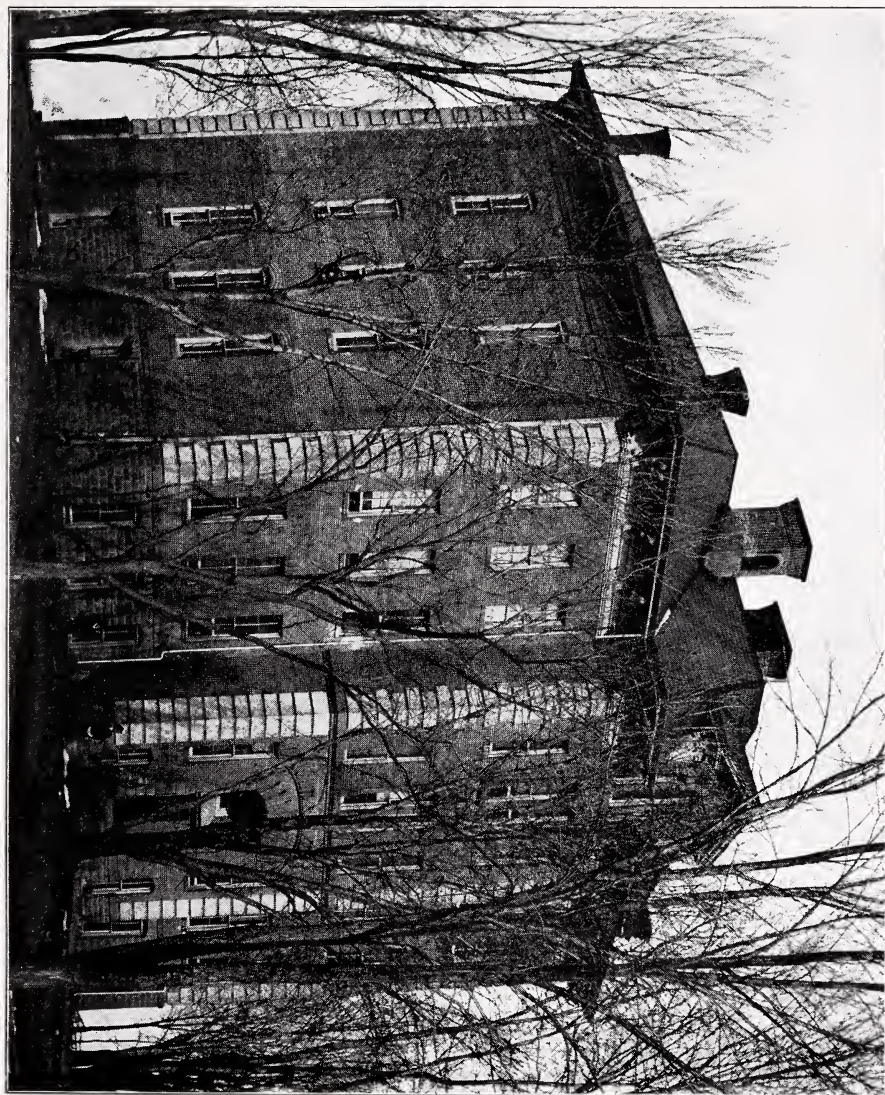
S. GRACE HAUSER, B. L.

Instructor in Department of Expression

B. L., Neff College of Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa., 1909; Student at the York Collegiate Institute, 1901-02; Millersville State Normal School; King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg, Pa.; Instructor of Elocution at Young Women's Christian Association, York, Pa., 1909-10; also Teacher at Belmar, N. J.; Instructor in Oratory, Carthage College, 1910-.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



MAIN BUILDING

CARTHAGE
COLLEGE

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In Memoriam

Edward Vutzy

Born September 25, 1888 at
Selinsgrove, Pa.

Died February 7, 1908 at
Carthage, Ill.

A member of the Class of 1911,
Carthage College, son of Dr.
Jacob Vutzy, and ever a
loyal Carthaginian



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



CARTHAGE
COLLEGE



PROLOGUE TO THE SENIOR TALES

(With apologies to the Canterbury Tales.)

WHEN that it happens that the time has come
To leave our studies and henceforth to roam
The wide world o'er, that haply we may find
The one great purpose, every earnest mind
To which one thing allegiance true has sworn,
That come what may, he never shall be torn
From that intent until on him there beams
The glory light, that radiantly gleams
Through mist and clouds and onward beckons him
To push through woods and scale the mountains grim;
At this same time it seemeth good to me
To tell to you the glorious history
Of that great class, that you may rightly know
What to expect as through the world we go.
That I may tell in order what has been,
With us as Freshmen will I first begin.

A class there was and that a worthy one,
That from the time that classes have begun
To enter here, no other will you find
That equals us in number, strength and mind.
One fair fall day almost four years ago,
To college-ward with three and thirty, so
The records tell, we Freshmen came that day,
A strong, bright class, sturdy, brave and gay.
No sooner had we organized our band
When some wise Sophs conducted through the land
The Polo boy, he with the golden hair,
Deserted him and left him standing there
To watch the stars that heedless rolled by
Moving around their orbit in the sky.
Then we at home with direful wrath all said
To-morrow morn we'll hoist the black and red.
And so that night our emblem large was made
E'er on our beds our weary forms we laid.
When morning broke a Sophomore going by
Chanced to look up—an object met his eye
That startled him, for there above his head
In the glorious sunlight waved the black and red.
So off he scampered to bring back with him
His fellow classmen with set teeth and grim.
With that small fight I need not burden you



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

For when the sun had drawn the morning dew
Up to himself amid the skies so blue
The black and red still floated in our view.
Yet not alone to battle were we given
For Hallow-eve we met at half-past seven
And tried our fortunes, none have yet come true,
That matters not, 'tis said they never do.
Some few nights later, north, just out of town
We roasted marshmallows till the moon went down.
And then till spring, save for a few distractions,
Such as the Sophomore play, we studied hard our lessons.
Just e'er we parted when the year was done
We held our banquet and had most glorious fun.

To school again with eager hearts we turned,
As Sophomores, now, most eagerly we yearned
To make our prowess known. Haply full soon
We met the Freshman class. And then, at noon,
The Freshmen, where were they? Their colors torn
Out of their feeble grasp and they forlorn
Had hid them to the woods. We, victors, were,
Our shield hung bright, upon them was no blur.
And later on behind the limelight bright
Our Sophomore play we played one winter night
And won renown. Unto this very day
No other class has half so great a play.
The time flew by, vacation came once more
Yet e'er we parted, according to the lore
And the tradition of our class, we had
Our banquet. Needless to say our hearts were glad.

The bell rang out again and back we came
And Juniors now were we. Back in the game
We got and one bright night as usual we met,
Bought marshmallows, as many as we could get,
Into the woods we went and there with glee,
Roasted them all beneath a spreading tree.
You recollect no doubt our Junior Day,
The one great happening of the month of May,
Wherein you learned the course of what had been,
Beheld your future, saw yourself as seen.
And still once more we held our annual feast,
Toasted each other until far in the East
We saw the first faint flushes of the dawn appear,
Then said goodbye until our Senior year.

The time has come, our course is well nigh run.
Hard work we've had, also a lot of fun.
I think I've shown you in this history
What in the future you may hope to see.
So here's to us, the class of nineteen eleven.
The greatest class that C. C.'s been given.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



ORLO D. SLATER

Science

West Point, Ill.

Carthage College Academy, '06; entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Pres. winter, '08; Treas. '07-'08; President Sophomore class; Sophomore Class Play; Cicero Debater, '09, '10, '11; Carthage Christian U. Debates, '09, '10; Brain and Brawn; Pres. '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief of Collegian, '10; Track Team, '08; Holder of Cross Country Record; President Y. M. C. A., '10-'11; Junior Day; Assistant in Biological Dept., '08-'09; Assistant in Algebra, '09-'10, '10-'11.

Always busy—preparing sermons, feeding chickens and building a rep.



MIRIAM BLANCHE CANNON

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '02; Galilean; Program Sec., winter, '11; Vice Pres. fall, '10; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Assistant Editor Collegian, '10-'11; Galilean Debater, '10; Winner of Local Woman Suffrage Oratorical, '10; Junior Day; Assistant Manager of CRIMSON RAMBLER.

"Better late than never."



FLOY DAVIDSON

Science

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '03; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Vice Pres., spring, '10; Cor. Sec., '09; Critic, '09; Correspondent to Collegian, '08; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'11; Pres. Y. W. C. A., '09-'10; Freshman Medal; Sophomore Play; Junior Play; Greek Prize; Brain and Brawn; Treas., '09-'10; Girl's Glee Club, '09-'10-'11; Voice Recital, '10; Assistant in Bible, '10-'11.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.



ESTHER MARGARET HILL

Science

Carthage

Carthage College Academy, '07; Entered C. C., '07; Galilean; Rec. Sec., '09; Librarian, '07-'08; Vice Pres. Freshman Class; Sophomore Play; Junior Day; Girls' Glee Club, '10-'11; Choral Society, '10; Assistant in Botany, '10-'11.

The first Hill to mount the Senior Heights.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



J. WILLIAM GETZENDANER

Science

Polo, Ill.

Polo High School, '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceroonian; President, winter, '08; Treas., fall, '09; Cicero Debater, '11; Carthage-Christian U., Debate, '11; Sophomore Class Play; Dramatic Club; Vice Pres., '09; Winner Inter-class Oratorical, '09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10, '10-'11; Vice Pres. Y. M. C. A., '09-'10; Glee Club, '08, '10, '11; Glee Club Reader, '08; Brain and Barwn; Treas., '10-'11; President Athletic Association, '08-'09; Football, '09; Basketball, '07-'08-'09; Manager, '08-'09; Track Team, '08, '09; Record holder of indoor pole vault; Supply work; Student Volunteer.

The western jack-rabbit hunter who came back to graduate with the best class.

ADA HOOVER

Science

Muscatine, Ia.

Muscatine H. S.; Entered C. C., '08; three year graduate; Ciceroonian; Vice Pres., winter, '09; Critic, fall, '09, fall, '10; Cicero Debater, '11; Assistant Editor of Collegian, '10; Freshman Prize; Brain and Brawn; Vice Pres., B. and B., '10-'11; Awarded Scholarship at Illinois University.

Known in Dorm. circle as Mother Hoover.

MINNIE ROSENSTENGEL

Science

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceroonian; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Day; Phi. Alpha Delta.

Some say Minnie is just shy.

GEORGE NETHERY

Science

Carthage

Carthage College Academy, '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceroonian; Treas., spring, '11; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Day.

George omitted the course in feminology.

CARTHAGE
COLLEGE



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



HARRY WILSON HARTMAN

Chemistry

Mt. Carroll, Ill

Mt. Carroll H. S., '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; President, fall, '10; Treas., winter and spring, '08-'09; President Freshman Class; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Day; Winner Inter-class Oratorical, '10; Brain and Brawn; President Athletic Association, '10-'11; Football, '07-'08; Basket ball Captain, '07-'08, '08-'09; Business Manager Collegian, '09-'10; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10, '10-'11; Glee Club, '08, '10, '11; Manager, '10, '11; Cicero Debater; Business Manager, 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER; High Roller.

If there is any one that doesn't know Happy, he is yet to be heard from.



BLANCHE ELENORE CHEVILLON

Science

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Vice President, spring, '09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Day; Dramatic Club; Vice President, '10-'11; Dramatic Club Play; Inter-class Oratorical; Free-for-all Oratorical; Story Contest; Basketball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11.

If dignity is virtue, she has virtue indeed.



CARRIE B. LIPE

Science

Irving, Ill.

Hillsboro H. S.; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Vice President, winter, '08, fall, '09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09; '09-'10, '10-'11; Vice President, '10-'11; Treas. Euterpean Club; Girls' Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11; Cicero Debater, '09, '10, '11; Inter-class Oratorical.

You never met Carrie yet when she didn't greet you with a cheery word and smile.



BERTHA LEONORE CHEVILLON

Science

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Critic, spring, '10; Sophomore Play; Junior Day; Story Contest; Dramatic Club; Sec., '10-'11; Euterpean Club; Glee Club, '09, '10, '11; Dramatic Club Play; Girls' Track Team, '08; Basketball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Manager, '10-'11.

Little, but—oh my!



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



LUTHER FREDERICK WALTER

Chemistry

Canton, Ill.

Canton H. S., '08; Entered C. C., '08; Three-year Graduate; Ciceronian; Treas. fall and winter, '09-'10; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Day; Dramatic Club; Cicero Debater, '11; President Senior Class; Track Team, '09, '10; Basketball, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Football Team, '10; Business Manager Collegian, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief of 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER; High Roller.

Found out in his last year that there were co-eds in Carthage.

HAZEL McCREARY

Arts

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '07; Carthage College Scholarship; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Freshman Treasurer; Second Place Freshman Prize; Second Place Greek Prize; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Sophomore Class Play; Delegate to State Y. W. Convention, '09; Delegate to Rochester Convention; Assistant in History; Junior Day.

They say she's a shark—more likely a digger.

GRACE V. DAVIDSON

Arts

Carthage

Carthage H. S., '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Vice President, fall, '10; Sophomore Class Play; Junior Class President; Junior Day; Winner Junior Pennant; Brain and Brawn; Girls' Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11; Euterpean Club; Y. W. C. A.

We admire her independence—but it's no one's business but hers.

CORA ZENOBIA LIPE

Science

Irving, Ill.

Hillsboro H. S., '05; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; Vice President, spring, '11.

"I'm going back to Irving and raise chickens."

CARTHAGE
COLLEGE



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



JAMES NETHERY

Science

Carthage

Carthage High School, '07; Entered C. C., '07; Ciceronian; President, spring, 1911; Treas., fall, 1910; Track Team, '08, '09; Sophomore Play; Junior Day.

Jim was never affected by heart trouble.

PEARL MARTIN

Arts

Burnside, Ill.

C. C. Academy, '08; Entered C. C., '08; Three-year Graduate; Ciceronian; Sec., fall, '09; Freshman Scholarship; Brain and Brawn; Sec. of B. and B., '10-'11; Treas. Y. W. C. A., '08-'09; Sophomore Class Play, '10; Girls' Basketball; Capt., '10-'11.

Serenity—indeed!

LUCILE RAND

Arts

Carthage

Carthage High School, '07; Entered C. C., '07; Galilean; Y. W. C. A.; Vice President Athletic Association, '08-'09, '10-'11; Vice Pres. Intersociety, '08-'09; Assistant College Librarian; Sophomore Play; Junior Day; Galileo Prog. Sec'y.; Cor. to Collegian; Assistant Editor of 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

With whom the world could not hold argument.



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JUNIOR



CARTHAGE
COLLEGE

25



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TURNER FOLEY

If e'er you meet a busy lad
A hurrying by so fast,
Who hasn't time to greet a girl
Until she's almost past,
That's Tim.

If after dark you meet a pair
A strolling by so slow,
Engaged in earnest converse,
With voices soft and low,
That's Tim.

HELEN MOORE

There was a little maid
Who was so very staid
You'd think that she was very, very
haughty,
But when you saw her laugh,
You'd know you'd missed it half,
For then you'd think she sometimes could
be naughty.



EARL POLAND

Here's a mighty shark I discern,
Who's exceedingly eager to learn,
He's just leaving the rut
Of the "tall and uncut,"
And you'll find him remarkably stern.



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STEPHEN TAYLOR

Inscribed as on his tomb,
We read in gilded letters;
"A noble effort."



GLADYS O'HARRA

What do we know of Miss Gladys,
The main thing is quite a great sadness.
In the fierce college strife
And her rushed busy life,
She has already chosen her "Turner."

WM. HILL

Of all sweet words of tongue or quill
The sweetest are these: He filled the Bill!



1912 CLASS HISTORY

Ten and seven Freshmen bold
Had a color rush as of old.
But the Sophs, were the victorious men,
And Ot Helfrich was knocked out then.

Six and ten now were left
The front chapel seats to fill;
When Mary's heart in twain was cleft
By her ruddy rival's greater will.

Bertha, quiet and serene,
Found college life too fast.
On a Kansas farm she fondly dreams,
Of C. C. days now past.

As round the honey flit the bees
So beaux to Alice came.
At Morning Side more bend their knees
So there she now doth reign.

Three and ten brave Sophomores
Took up class life again.
By strategy away they tore
With the colors of the Freshmen.

Bill Robbins, loyal to the end,
Was next obliged C. C. to leave.
Round him as class-mate and as friend
Sad with glad memories we weave.

Then from the twelve on one fair morn
Erna Schmidt was the next to be drawn.
The lure of a job as a country school marm
Proved more attractive than life at the dorm.

Frances Foley, of athletic fame,
Decided at home for a year to remain.
But still to the class she is firmly attached
For she thinks of Steve as a very good catch.

Laura O'Harra, neither fast nor yet slow,
Now goes to a school in old Chicago.
And there 'mid that larger crowd you can see
Her upholding the honor of old C. C.

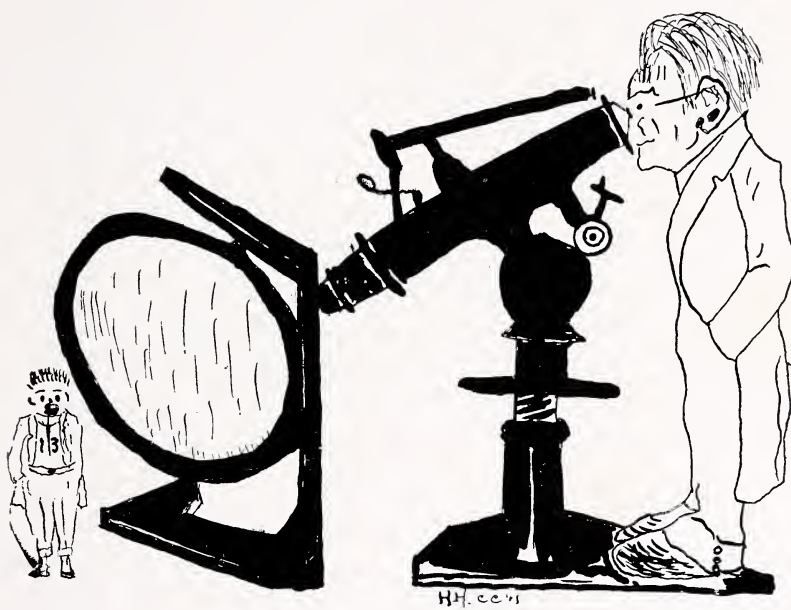
Ada and Pearl, tho both good little girls,
To a very sad fate were hurled one day.
They were gobbled up by the big class '11,
And left for the Juniors in all only seven.

Then Jess Scovern bade final farewell
To the class which she had loved so well (?)
They say she was wearied by too much work,
But of that secret doubts in our minds do lurk.

Six lonesome Juniors now remain
Of that jolly bunch who in '08 came.
Of the final fate of the class of '12,
Ask one who into the future can delve.

A. V. H. '11





AT LAST HE SAW HIM



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THE SOPHOMORES

IT used to be thought that the stars were all very much alike in magnitude and constitution, differing but slightly from one another and resembling one another as do individuals of the same race. But it has been proven since that there are marked differences of brightness. This difference depends upon the distance from earth, upon the brilliancy of the light giving surface and upon light-giving area.

In all the earthly domain, o'er land and sea, there could be no truer analogy to the starry firmament than the Sophomore class of Carthage College. When they entered as Freshmen in the fall of 1909 they seemed to be ordinary individuals with no marked characteristics, but before the close of the term we were able to classify many of them according to their brilliancy. In the fall of 1910, fifteen could be classified with the Missing Stars.

Among the first that has shone is Lynn Welge. As the most brilliant of his class last year he received the Freshman Prize. He was captain of the football team and on account of his good showing has been elected for 1911. It is feared that this star is made up of expansive gases and unless it reaches a different atmosphere there will be a sudden expansion that will result in destruction.

Karr Parker is like Halley's comet in importance. When, as editor-in-chief of the "Collegian," he shocks Carthage College as he sends out those electrified words of his through the columns of the "Collegian."

The Merry Sunshine of 1913 is Esther Carlson. She is noted especially for her kindness to others, her industrious habits, and good business qualities.

Adelaide Ferris is one of the dramatic stars. We expect to see her brilliancy later. Formerly she has been overshadowed by the more prominent stars, so that we have been unable to judge her correctly. In music we will call her Venus. Her melodious strains fill the air in impromptu moments while her sudden pauses and crashing chords are very familiar.

Dennis Swaney, the meteor, spins through the air with such a velocity that causes a great trail of light behind him which will remain—till he is out of college.

There is a cluster of six bright stars known as the Pleides. These six stars make up the debating team. Now Roswell O'Harra shines as one of the bright Pleides, having represented Carthage in the Inter Collegiate debate with Christian University in 1910. His oratory—well, it's like Vesuvius.

Luther Swaney, the planet, Jupiter, if you please, is one of those stars who have constant brilliancy. He it is who comes through football and dramatics, too, with the same sober smile.

Ed Martin, the athlete of 1913, might be compared to a shooting star as he makes his celebrated runs on the gridiron. Nor is he a dim star in basketball and baseball.

Now there are the two Dorows who might by bright scintillations shine, but dull Dame Talcum is quite content to let them be just two plain, white streaks in the Milky Way.

Hale Walker shines very brightly as a cartoonist, but we can not forget him as a Latin Star. He is an accomplished rider, and is often seen taking a pleasant little canter just before class.

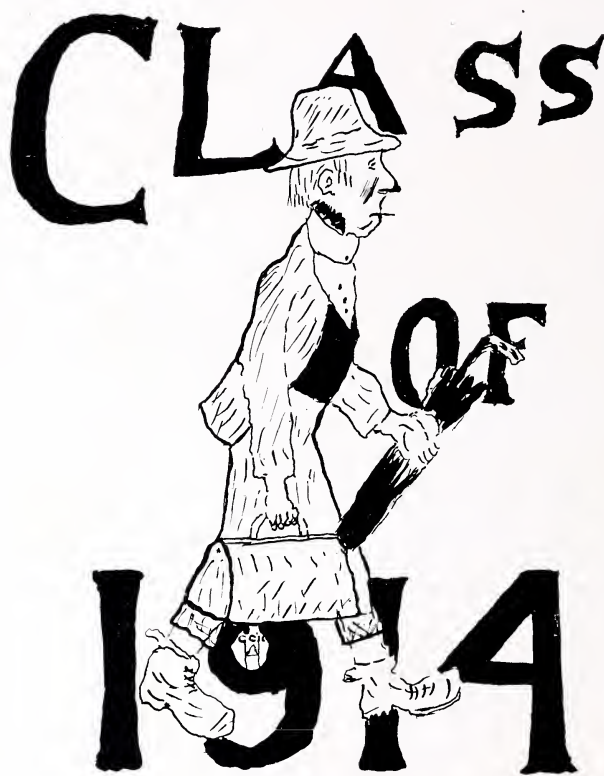
The Black Star, so-called by his astral friends, shines not on his nearest neighbors, but beams on the prep. department. 'Tis this freak star who, through years and years of chemical research and experiment in the dormitory parlors, has at last announced the result of his work in the terse recipe for fudge without milk.

To the sixteen thousand double stars in the heavenly firmament the Sophomore constellation has contributed her just share, for of all doubles, who ever knew of two who doubled double as Ona and Bob.

Last in size, but not in brilliancy, shines Ruth Schell, who is one of the leading stars in Dramatics. She is also distinguished by the Greek prize medal won in the contest of 1910.

The bright constellations of this class are simply wonderful and their brilliancy spreads a phosphorescent glow over the whole school. We hope they will not cause too much trouble in the firmament lest they disturb the movement of the other planets which will cause a collision not prophesied by the astronomers, but we do wish a bright future for our sister class.





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FRESHMEN



FRESHMEN

THE hand of Plutarch quivers with uncertainty as he assumes the continuance of his "Lives." For once in his life he is at a loss for words. Reports of lives are but the routine duty of his life, but alack! He must write a biography of the Freshman class! How shall he start? He is unable to express himself. The turmoil in his brain troubles him and his inability to carry out his purpose leaves him abashed, amazed, agitated, astounded, astonished, bamfused, baffled, bewildered, confused, confounded, disconcerted, disturbed, disgusted, embarrassed, foiled, frustrated, non-plussed, overwhelmed, perplexed, perturbed, puzzled, ruffled, stupified, terrified, and vexed. He recalls well that they all came in as Freshmen always come, as sheep to the slaughter, bravely they hoisted their little banner of cheesecloth and as valiantly shook hands with the victorious Sophomores. Yes, they even took out time enough to have a picnic that memorable day and rejoiced that it was over and they had lived up to the traditions of their predecessors. All these things float in a panorama before the mind of this great individual. Occasionally he sees some personage stand out with unusual prominence. One steps forward and gets the story contest, others are shining in other walks of college activities.

Thoroughly disgusted with himself our hero again consults his notes. What?—yes—he has an idea now. He will let his notes tell the story he cannot formulate. Opinions of vast importance have found their way into his notebook and now he shall only reiterate them. Glancing through them you can sympathize with Plutarch when he could not formulate any connected discussion from them and finally took this course out of his difficulty.

"What would we do without them,"—H. D. Hoover.

"I never saw a prettier bunch of girls in any college class."—J. Arthur Baird.

Professor Hill, to Chemistry class: "There are some people here who could behave better, and they aren't Freshmen, either."

"I have the utmost confidence in that class—there is so much latent talent in it."—S. N. Carpenter.

"Their dramatic interpretation is such that I feel that they could successfully stage Romeo and Juliet without any assistance."—S. Grace Hauser.

"They are exceedingly bright in prep. German."—C. O. Sundstrom.

"They have certainly taken well to Cicero."—J. L. VanGundy.

"The vocal talent is such that I will be able to make musicians of them if they would apply themselves industriously."—Susan Davidson.

"Mathematically they are a succession made up largely of chances."—Harry L. Horner.

"Their expression is sometimes appallingly brief."—Emma J. Bell.

"In their untrained touch lays profoundest melodies."—Margherita Koch.

"Their smiling faces are so refreshing."—Erma Rand.



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FIRST YEAR ACADEMY



SECOND YEAR ACADEMY



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THIRD YEAR ACADEMY



FOURTH YEAR ACADEMY



PREPS

IF you upper classmen will only allow it, before we proceed with this work which has been assigned to us, we would like to have it distinctly understood by all that we have not tried to be funny, cute nor clever. For what's the use; we're preps. But this work was given to us to do—a write up of the preps., so here goes. Look for nothing and you will not be disappointed in your search.

We're here—*us*—the undergraduates, the zoological specimens of our glorious classmen. And now, by the way, since we happen to think and look back, we will have to admit that in all probability we were a little on the unsophisticated order when we made our grand entrance into this Prepdom. But follow us to the Soph age and a slight improvement you will see, both in education and appearance. Those of a more studious nature infested with courage from their former conquests over the budding Freshmen, with great confidence, bravely challenge Cæsar, with a troop of faithful ancient chargers. But the others—those who care for manly beauty—adopt ties and socks which vie with the toga of Cæsar after the custom of the royal purple or crimson—a mark of school spirit—according to the taste of the individual. Wonderful indeed is the transformation of the maiden who modestly enough blushes unseen behind her towering head-dress. Struggling through this year of reformation brings us back again as Juniors. While only the shadows of our former class days haunt our thoughts' wildernesses, we care more for lighter pleasures in this advanced age of civilization. Conscience stricken we flee from the class room if we are left for seven minutes without attention. None but Juniors know the secret of the pure food law fruit color used in chemistry for cooking and at home on lips that naturally are red. Many trudging in our footsteps, crowd us into full blown Seniors. Pale and gaunt are we from hard study, faded are the socks and neckties with four years of hard struggle. Wilted is the towering head-dress—faded to a blonde. In our four years of wandering some have fallen by the wayside, some from taunts of upper classmen grown faint-hearted, have deserted. But the martyrs, left from all this, labor on in burning madness. Naught care we for these impediments, for now we have reached the stage where we can look down upon the verdant ones struggling in the paths we have trod. When at last we leave the beaming faces of our dear masters and fellow classmen and the halls echoing with our hollow tears, arranged in our gala day attire we bask in the gushing of our fond parents' smiles and fall in smiling fortune's embrace. No longer Preps., we enter as Freshmen, 'fresh from our triumph,' only to be scorned and trodden in the dust again by victorious heroes drawn upward in their chariot of knowledge.



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On The Campus





THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

CARTHAGE COLLEGE has, from the time of its founding, recognized the value of music as an important factor in education. In the earliest faculty of the institution a place was found for an instructor in music, and the place was ably filled by Professor Helfrich during the years 1871 to 1873. In the period of "storm and stress," following the death of President Tressler, the Department of Music shared in the fluctuating fortunes of the institution and, for a brief time, was even discontinued. With returning prosperity, however, music was restored to its rightful place in the college, and in recent years has grown in favor and popularity, as is shown by the rapid increase in the number of students enrolled.

The advantages of studying music in a college community are readily seen. The music students have the opportunity of taking elective courses in other departments; they live in a college atmosphere; and are brought into intimate contact with a larger body of students all engaged in intellectual or artistic pursuits.

A feature of the work is the giving of frequent recitals by the music pupils and instructors. These are free to all the students and give opportunity both to hear good music and to take personal part in public programs.



MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

THE following musical organizations are doing much to awaken and strengthen the interest in music throughout the entire body of students.

The Carthage College Glee Club is the oldest of these organizations, and it has won an enviable reputation. An account of its meteoric career for the present season will be found elsewhere in this book.

The Girls' Glee Club began its work in the winter of 1909-10. This year it consists of about twenty members. At the present time they are preparing for their Spring concert under the able direction of Miss Davidson.

The Euterpean Club was organized during the present year, for the purpose of promoting interest in all matters musical, and to unify effort and focus attention upon the things that are best in music. Another and scarcely subordinate object of the club is to aid in securing for the college and the city of Carthage, as frequently as possible, musical entertainments by artists of first rate ability.



SONG RECITAL

BY

HARRY WILSON HARTMAN, (Baritone)

ASSISTED BY WARD M. HARTMAN, *Pianist*

MAY 20, 1911

Handel Recit. "For Behold, Darkness
Shall Cover the Earth."

Air, "The People that walked in
darkness." (Messiah.)

Beethoven Nature's Adoration.

Schubert Der Wanderer

Franz Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen

Strauss Traum Durch Die Dämmerung

Giordani Caro Mio Ben

Massenet Vision Fugitive—Hérodiade

Mac Dowell To the Sea

von Fielitz Eliland Songs

Chadwick Lochinvar

Chadwick Bedouin Love Song

Sieckking The Wooing

Stanford Trottin' to the Fair

German Rolling Down to Rio

Rubinstein Good Night



PIANO RECITAL

BY

WILLIAM GRIFFITH HILL

MAY 23, 1911

Schumann Novellette E major.

Beethoven Minuet E flat

Chopin Etude C minor

Polonaise A major

McDowell Indian Idyll

Arensky By the Sea

Henselt If I Were a Bird

Leschetizsky Octave Intermezzo

Grieg Concerto in A minor

Allegro Molto Moderato.

Adagio.

Allegro Moderato Molto e Marcato.



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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



EUTERPEAN CLUB



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BOYS' GLEE CLUB



TALE OF YE GLEE CLUB

EARLY in January work was begun. The club was to take a two weeks' trip, beginning about the 20th of February. On the 18th, Miss Davidson hesitatingly informed us that we might go. Several took the opportunity, while Harold missed (?) his train by five minutes, and the others waited until the 20th.

We boarded the Twentieth Century Limited on the Wabash, arriving in Golden a few moments later. After a hasty breakfast, we were once more on our way—our destination being "Chi-town." Nothing of really great importance transpired on this trip, except for the fact that Sam, Craig and Hendricks had blown all of their spare cash to ride in the observation car and hence were unable to produce that which is necessary to procure that which is served to eat in the "Dinin' Cah in the reeah." Arriving in Chicago, Snyder informed Rev. Weaver that as we were from the country, we could walk the twelve miles to our destination. In the evening we sang to a good audience in Unity Lutheran church. Dr. Hill was present and added to the dignity of the occasion.

The next evening found us in Edgewater and in Hope Lutheran church. The feature of the evening was the absence of the applause—not because the program did not merit it, but it was not allowed in the church auditorium. Miss Grace Mack, of Carthage, who is studying at the Columbia School of Oratory, was present and delighted the audience with a reading. Other Carthage people present were Mr. and Mrs. Newcomer, Alma Mortensen, Lucretia Royer and Frank Chevillon.

Wednesday morning found us traveling once more, Davenport being our destination. Tim missed the train by three minutes, but arrived in time for our concert. It seems that our "Chap.," Prof. Carpenter, had a knack for getting acquainted with women while travelling. On this train gold fish and rare flowers were very much in evidence.

We were welcomed at Davenport by Rev. Blancke and taken to our respective lodging places. We always have had a good time in Davenport, and it was not missing this year.

The next day found us travelling via interurban to the country. It is surprising how out of place some people who have always lived in Carthage seem to be when they are taken a few miles into the country. Have you ever heard of Lost Grove? Well, the Glee Club was there. It will long be remembered by Tim as the place where he proved to the world that within him was the power to move the multitudes by his brilliant wit and matchless oratory.

Our next stop was at Princeton. Getzy and Lynn here showed their taste for good looking school marms—also spare ribs and backbones. The only work done on the entire trip was done here. Hendricks and Loomis turned a cream separator (???) for an hour (???) apiece.

We were slated for Mount Carroll on Saturday and accordingly met our engagement. A clipping from a town paper says: "Sunday the boys had a pretty good time around town, for there is not a bashful one in the bunch, and Sam Hartman saw to it that all of the boys met some of our pretty girls and were royally entertained." The only disappointment here was that the girls of the Frances Shimer School were unable to attend the concert. A little ditty given by the club, with words as follows, proved to be too much for Craig at this place and that which



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was supposed to be imaginary, proved to be realistic, as Sam's motner can testify. Here it is:

Her arms were soft and round—he said,
And that is why he lost his head.
But he should not be blamed a speck,
Her arms were soft and round—his neck.

At Rockford we were met by the genial Howard Bannen. And right here let us say that Rockford has *some* pretty girls. Notwithstanding, we gave the best concert of the entire trip here. The next morning we started for home, tired, but feeling well repaid for the time and energy spent—to say nothing of the cash. We sang in the following towns: Chicago, Davenport, Princeton, Lost Grove, Mount Carroll, Polo, and Rockford. On the following Friday evening we gave our concert to a large and appreciative audience at home. Lest we have missed any unintentionally, ask Jones why he wore his sweater, Hoelscher why he didn't wear his dress coat, Mark why he kept quiet, and last of all, ask Harold where he found the largest hotel?

By one who was with them.

C. C. '11

PERSONNEL OF THE CLUB

TENORS

J. Wm. Getzendaner
S. N. Carpenter
Arthur Loomis
Mark Getzendaner
Turner Foley
William Jones
Harmon Snyder

BASSES

L. O. Welge
Orville Craig
R. M. Hartman
Arthur Schmidt
Harold Hendricks
Bernard Hoelscher
H. W. Hartman

W. G. Hill, Accompanist

PROGRAMME

PART I

Battle Hymn (Rienzi)	Wagner
CHORUS	
This Would I Do	Chapman
MR. J. W. GETZENDANER	
Sands of Dee	Clay
CHORUS	
Old Song	—
QUARTETTE	
Sleep Time, Mah Honey	Howell
CHORUS	
The Rivals	Reading
J. TURNER FOLEY	

PART II

Wild Bird	De Koven
CHORUS	
Love's Springtide	Hammond
MR. HARRY W. HARTMAN	
(a) If I Were a Bird	Henselt
(b) Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1	Chopin
MR. HILL	
All Through the Night	Welsh Air
MR. R. M. HARTMAN AND QUARTETTE	
Winter Song	Bullard
CHORUS	





DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

DRAMATIC CLUB

NOT only does a college need athletics, studies, literary societies, track teams, musical clubs, etc., but to be a rising institution and one of which the teachers as well as the students can be proud, it must have a Dramatic Club. Carthage had long felt the need of such a club and, as in other institutions, a beginning and start was hard to make.

In Miss Jessica Royer was found the plotter, the planner, the conspirator, the inspirator, in short, the beginning of the club. A start was made one evening after a student's recital at the Lutheran church. Those taking part in the evening's program were made charter members and a constitution and by-laws were drawn up, an examining board selected and the club was ready to do business. Nine persons applied for membership and they made up the total of fifteen members, the limit of the club. After initiations were over, the club began active work, which ended in the presentation of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

Unfortunately for the 1910 Club, there were only six of the old members back. However, the members were made up by those who had successfully passed the examination, and attention was turned toward Henrik Ibsen. Three of his plays, "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Barkman," and "When the Dead Awaken," were chosen for study. It is the plan of the Club to give a play of some kind during the last month of school, but it has not been chosen as yet.





Y. M. C. A. CABINET

OFFICERS

ORLO SLATER	<i>President</i>
JOHN J. GENT	<i>Vice-President</i>
DENNIS SWANEY	<i>Secretary</i>
LYNN WELGE	<i>Treasurer</i>

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

LUTHER WALTER	<i>Social</i>
TURNER FOLEY	<i>Devotional</i>
J. WM. GETZENDANER	<i>Missionary</i>
GARFIELD BECKSTRAND	<i>Bible Study</i>
LYNN WELGE	<i>Finance</i>
ORLO SLATER	<i>Lecture Course</i>
HARRY HARTMAN	<i>Music</i>





Y. W. C. A. CABINET

OFFICERS

HELEN MCORE	<i>President</i>
CARRIE LIPE	<i>Vice-President</i>
BLANCHE CHEVILLON	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH SCHELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

ERNA DOROW	<i>Membership</i>
CARRIE LIPE	<i>Missionary</i>
RUTH SCHELL	<i>Finance</i>
FLOY DAVIDSON	<i>Devotional</i>
HAZEL MCCREARY	<i>Intercollegiate</i>
BLANCHE CANNON	<i>Social</i>
NELLIE BOTTS	<i>Bible Study</i>



CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS

THE Christian spirit of Carthage College was first manifest in organized form by the organization of a student's Christian Association. It was on the evening of Feb. 10th, 1875, after a college prayer meeting that a much discussed plan was realized in the formation of such an organization. The first officers of this organization were J. M. Cromer, President, and J. J. Elser, Secretary. This organization prospered and fastened upon the college a Christian spirit. A second constitution that better fitted the needs of the students was drafted and adopted on Feb. 4th, 1879.

It was on September 9th, 1881, that the constitution of the Y. M. C. A. was read and adopted by the local organization. From this time the Y. M. C. A. has played no small part in Carthage College activities. The first officers were G. C. Geiger, President; H. A. Spierman, Vice President, and E. Lee Fleck, Recording Secretary.

The young ladies of the college met in devotional meetings with the men until November 21st, 1884, after which time a Y. W. C. A. was organized that exists to-day. The first officers of the Y. W. C. A. were Miss Lizzie Haase, Dakota City, Neb., President; Mrs. C. B. Newcomer, Carthage, Ill., Secretary, and Mrs. J. S. Maloney, Polo, Ill., Treasurer.

The aim of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. of Carthage College has been and is to make Jesus Christ a reality to our students and in some measure to live "the abundant life," seeking to reach up to and stoop down to our fellow students in the physical, intellectual and spiritual realms. Tho this aim has not in every case been realized, yet we hope that by the atmosphere created by the Christian organizations Carthage College has meant to its students a place where acquired skill and ability may be used and not greedily hoarded for the life after college days are over.

Both Associations have at various periods in their history flourished and waned, but to-day their members stand for the best that is in the student body, there being eighty-three per cent of the men in the Y. M. C. A., and seventy per cent of the women in the Y. W. C. A.

A course extending through both the Academic and Collegiate departments gives vast opportunity for students to acquaint themselves with the best that the Bible has in store for them. Besides this regular course daily Bible study and the morning watch are heartily commended by both Associations.

Three mission study classes dealing with the general and specific aspects of missions and arranged to suit various students are conducted by each Association. As a result of the missionary interest manifest and following a missionary conference which three of our students attended, a Student Volunteer Band of nine members was organized on the afternoon of February 5th, 1911. Tho such an organization has existed in previous years it had disbanded about four years ago.

An effort is made to send as many delegates as possible to the summer Conferences and other Christian student gatherings. Two delegates brought home an interesting report and spirit from the Rochester Convention. A minor but very important duty of the Christian Associations is to provide a wholesome social life for the students. Tho all the demands of social life are not met in this way, the opening socials with other occasional ones, both of which are very informal, tend to promote a truly social feeling among the students.

For about nine years the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s have provided for the students and citizens a high class lecture course that has proven an intellectual uplift to all those who have taken advantage of it. The Associations do not wish to forward their work at the expense of any other student activities, but to bring into their activities the Christian spirit as a guide to action and to make Jesus Christ our social, athletic, intellectual, and spiritual guide.





STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

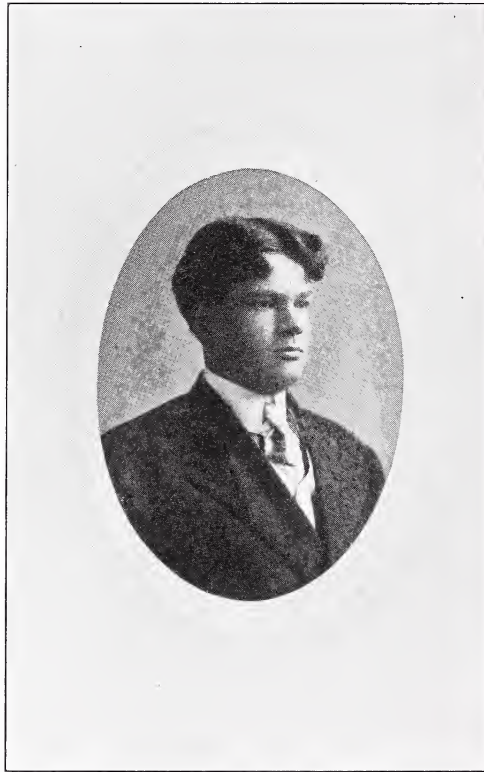
AS mentioned elsewhere in this volume, the Student Volunteer Band was organized on the afternoon of February 5th, 1911. It grew out of a desire to manifest the missionary spirit of the college in organized form. Eight students, with an able adviser in our College President, Dr. Hoover, compose this organization. Meetings on fresh and interesting missionary topics are held every two weeks, with an occasional open meeting, to which the students and friends especially interested in missions are invited. A leader, Mr. Dennis Swaney, and a recording and corresponding secretary, Miss Nettie Crane, compose the officers of the band.

It is the purpose of the band to produce a spirit that will be conducive to the greatest sympathy toward missions in the college as a whole; to assist the associations in conducting missionary meetings and in choosing suitable mission study courses; to create an atmosphere in the band that will tend to strengthen the will of each of its members to carry out his purpose of becoming a foreign missionary.

Though this is a young organization, we bespeak for it success as a factor in the development of the spiritual life of the college and as a stronghold of missionary interest wherever Carthage College may shed her influence.

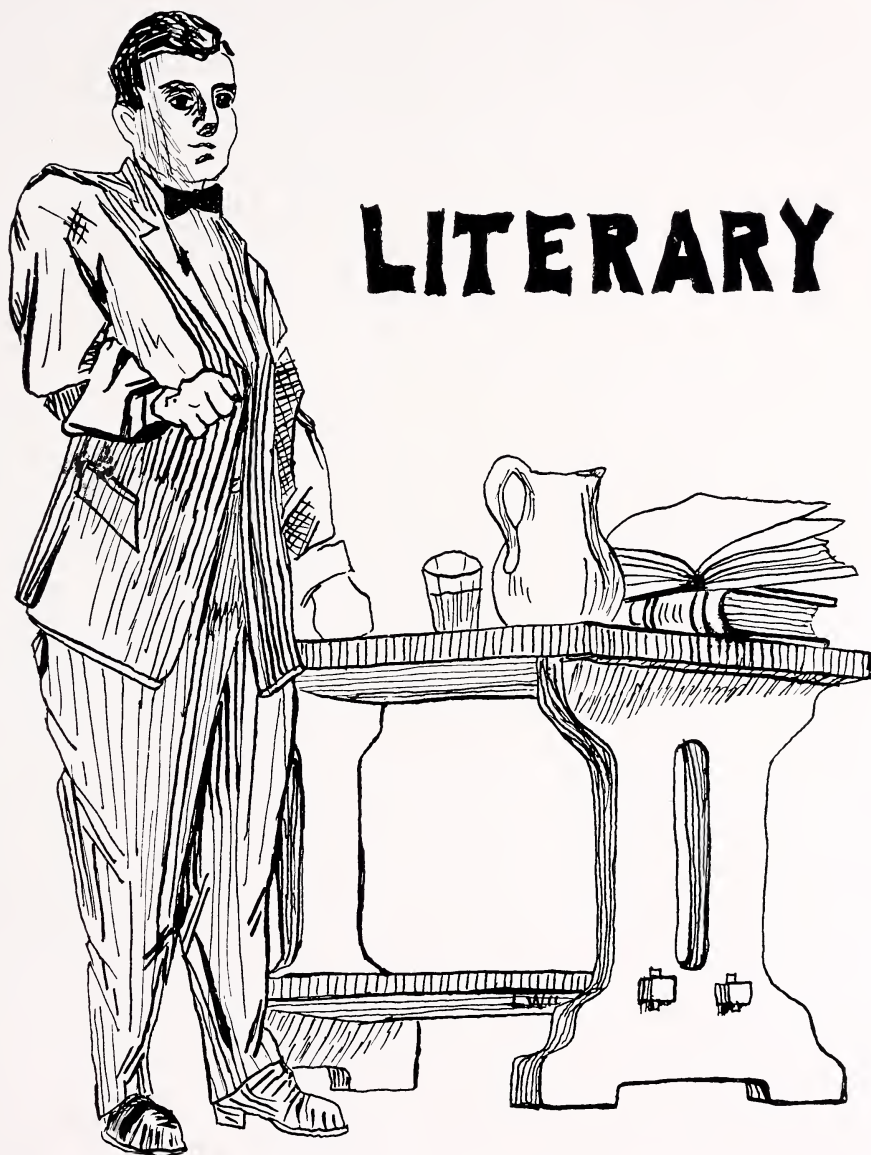


THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



CLARENCE H. HIGHTOWER
OUR POST GRADUATE AND THEOLOGICAL STUDENT





GALILEO LITERARY SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1870

Motto—"Diligentia in litteris ad astra agit."

Color—Pink.

Yells

De Kai eupathaka
For Eureka Delta Taka,
Sis, Boom! Galileo!

Boom-a-lac-a! Boom-a-lac-a!
Boom! Boom! Bah!
Galileo! Galileo!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

KARR PARKER	<i>President</i>
ESTHER HILL	<i>Vice President</i>
EDNA HARPER	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
SARA GEIGER	<i>Program Secretary</i>
TURNER FOLEY	<i>Critic</i>

MEMBERS

Nellie Botts	Albert Harris
Forrest Botts	Edna Harper
Frieda Berry	Grace Kunkel
Blanche Cannon	Arthur Loomis
Florence Craig	Edward Martin
Orville Craig	Grace McCormick
Kitty Flynn	Gladys O'Harra
Adelaide Ferris	Roswell O'Harra
Turner Foley	Marvell O'Harra
Frances Gibson	Willie O'Haver
Sara Geiger	Earl Poland
Flora Geiger	Karr Parker
Esther Hill	Lucile Rand
Ruth Hartzell	Virgie Roath
William Hill	Stephen Taylor
Gertrude Hunter	Kathryn Williams
Katherine Hill	Hale Walker
Robert Hill	Jasper Webb
May Harris	



CICERO LITERARY SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1871

Motto—Numen Lumen est, Astra Castra sunt.

Color—Light blue.

Yells

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Re! Ri! Ro!
Tick-tack! Tick-tack!
Boom! Cicero!

On we go! on we go!
Who! Cicero!

OFFICERS

JAMES NETHERY	<i>President</i>
CORA LIPE	<i>Vice President</i>
NELLIE CLARK	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
RUTH SCHELL	<i>Critic</i>

MEMBERS

Letha Alford	Mabel Johnson
Hugh Bannen	William Jones
Harold Black	Carl Lawless
Garfield Beckstrand	Mary Lawless
Martha Bower	Joseph Lewis
Esther Carlson	Phoebe Listman
Carl Carlin	Cora Lipe
Wilbur Carlin	Carrie Lipe
Leonore Chevillon	Pearl Martin
Blanche Chevillon	Helen Moore
Mary Clark	Hazel McCreary
Nellie Clark	Robert McFarland
Nettie Crane	George Nethery
Harold Conrad	James Nethery
Ralph Crossland	Minnie Rosenstengel
Grace Davidson	Ona Rohrbaugh
Floy Davidson	Greta Roasa
Elizabeth Dorow	Arthur Schmidt
Erna Dorow	Zelia Schmidt
John Gent	Ruth Schell
J. Wm. Getzendaner	Dennis Swaney
Mark Getzendaner	Luther Swaney
Harry W. Hartman	Orlo Slater
Ray M. Hartman	Harmon Snyder
Ada Hoover	Inez Thompson
Harold Hendricks	Luther Walter
Helen Huston	Lynn Welge
George Ihnen	Geo. Windman
	Charlie Harris



PUBLICATIONS

The Collegian

THE first issue of the *Carthaginian* was published in September, 1877. During the first seven years of its publication the editorial staff consisted of both faculty and student members, but in 1884 it was placed under complete student management. Beginning with the fall of 1892, it was issued by the faculty for a few years, but was later placed under student management, and has so remained since. When first placed under student control, the staff consisted of two editors and two business managers; one of each chosen by each of our literary societies. Later, an editor-in-chief was elected by the inter-society organization, while the former two editors became assistants. So, to-day, the official staff consists of an editor-in-chief, two assistant editors and two business managers. In the year 1892, the name of the publication was changed to the *Carthage Collegian*.

During the early years of this publication the literary material was contributed, almost wholly, by outside talent, but gradually the student body began contributing, and to-day practically all of this department is composed of student productions, thus making the *Collegian* truly representative of our student in the class room, as well as outside the class room.

The aim of the *Collegian* is to give a true picture of our student life, to present representative examples of our literary work and to further the interests of our college in every possible manner. The *Collegian* is issued once a month during the school year. It is attractively printed, interesting in contents, and well edited.

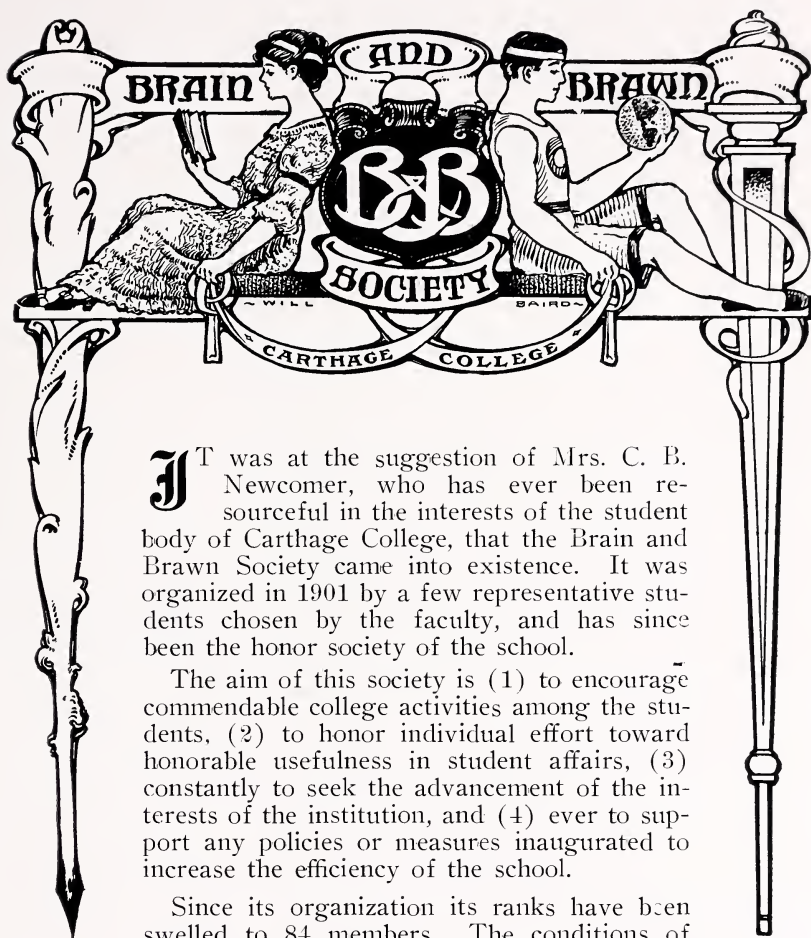


The Bulletin

THE *College Bulletin* is an especially neat and attractive publication issued by the college bi-monthly. The aim of the *Bulletin* is to arouse among the friends and patrons of the school an interest and enthusiasm for the work of the institution which the work accomplished by her merits.

Each issue contains not only an account of the important happenings in the college activities, but also urgent and impressive appeals to the young men and young women of the territory accessible to our college to take advantage of the unusual opportunities which are theirs.





IT was at the suggestion of Mrs. C. B. Newcomer, who has ever been resourceful in the interests of the student body of Carthage College, that the Brain and Brawn Society came into existence. It was organized in 1901 by a few representative students chosen by the faculty, and has since been the honor society of the school.

The aim of this society is (1) to encourage commendable college activities among the students, (2) to honor individual effort toward honorable usefulness in student affairs, (3) constantly to seek the advancement of the interests of the institution, and (4) ever to support any policies or measures inaugurated to increase the efficiency of the school.

Since its organization its ranks have been swelled to 84 members. The conditions of eligibility to membership are:

- (1) The winning of any prize offered by the college or by the Brain and Brawn.
- (2) Editorship of the *Collegian*.
- (3) Participation in intercollegiate debate.
- (4) The breaking of a college record in athletics.

It holds an open meeting annually in the form of a banquet. It conducts during the year:

- (1) A general oratorical contest for all students.
- (2) A short story contest.
- (3) An interclass oratorical contest.
- (4) Intercollegiate debates—two or more.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



MEMBERS

Pearl Martin
Kathryn Williams
Roswell O'Harra
Karr Parker
J. Wm. Getzendaner
Turner Foley

Orlo Slater
Ada Hoover
Grace Davidson
Lynn Welge
Harry W. Hartman
Stephen Taylor
Floy Davidson

BRAIN AND BRAWN

OFFICERS

O. D. SLATER		<i>President</i>
ADA HOOVER		<i>Vice-President</i>
PEARL MARTIN		<i>Secretary</i>
J. Wm. GETZENDANER		<i>Treasurer</i>





J. TURNER FOLEY
WINNER OF GENERAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

GENERAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

The first general Oratorical Contest took place on Dec. 15, 1910. Following is the program:

Piano Solo—Lorelei	<i>Seeling</i>
MISS MARGHERITA KOCH	
Why the Irish Are as They Are	GERTRUDE HUNTER
The Closed Door	BLANCHE CHEVILLON
An Indispensable American Genius	JOHN GENT
Is Prohibition Rightfully Regarded as a National Issue?	NETTIE CRANE
A Need of the Times	TURNER FOLEY
Piano Solo—Venetian Barcarolle	<i>Godard</i>
MISS KITTY FLYNN	

Judges on Thought and Composition

Russell Smith, Rev. M. L. O'Harra, Judge D. E. Mack, all of Carthage.

Judges on Delivery

Rev. E. P. Schueler, Miss Edna Fox, of Quincy, Ill., and
W. J. Fulton, of Keokuk, Ia.

The prize, a college seal pin, was awarded to Mr. Turner Foley, who delivered the oration, "A Need of the Times."





KATHRYN WILLIAMS
WINNER OF BRAIN AND BRAWN STORY CONTEST

BRAIN AND BRAWN STORY CONTEST

The Brain and Brawn story contest closed Jan. 4, 1911. The judges on plot and composition were D. H. Wells and J. W. Williams. The following stories were entered:

The Death of Tave Tuck	KATHRYN WILLIAMS
The Winning of Bar Z	ROBERT MCFARLAND
The Miserere Wins	BLANCHE CANNON
The Procrastination of Papa	LUCILE RAND
Evalyn's Christmas	ONA ROHRBAUGH

Miss Kathryn Williams won the prize of a five-dollar gold piece, with the story, "The Death of Lave Tuck."





HARRY W. HARTMAN
WINNER OF THE INTER-CLASS ORATORICAL CONTEST

INTER-CLASS ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Inter-class Oratorical Contest of this year took place April 21, 1911, after the CRIMSON RAMBLER was on the press. Following is the program of last year's contest:

Vocal Solo—Butterflies	GLADYS O'HARRA
The Measure of a Man	BLANCHE CHEVILLON
Which Goal?	CARRIE LIPE
One of Our Men	C. P. TRANBERG
The Cry of the Children	RUTH SCHELL
Piano Duet—Jubel Overture	ANNA YUTZY, MARY HERRING
The Sons of Martha	HARRY HARTMAN
In Preparation for the Era	LOUIS RUPP
The Italian's Burden	LYNN WELGE
Vocal Solo—Sword of Tarara	CARL WALTER

AWARDING OF PRIZES

Judges on Thought and Composition

Geo. Crossland, Iowa City, Ia.; H. E. Dornblazer, Chicago, Ill.;
Rev. J. Arthur Hurley, Grinnell, Ia.

Judges on Delivery

H. R. Graham, Denver, Ill.; Rev. F. M. Leshner, Mendon, Ill.;
Miss Mabel E. Seyler, Dallas City, Ill.

The prize, a \$5 gold piece, was won by Harry Hartman with the oration, "The Sons of Martha."



CARTHAGE-CANTON DEBATE

THE Carthage-Canton debate was held in Carthage April 20. Carthage was represented by Messrs. Karr Parker, Wm. Hill and Wm. Getzendaner. The question was, "Resolved, That the legislation of the U. S. should be shaped toward the abandonment of a protective tariff." The results of the debate were not known in time for publication in this book.



THE 1911 CARTHAGE CANTON DEBATING TEAM





THE 1910 HEDDING-CARTHAGE DEBATING TEAM

HEDDING-CARTHAGE DEBATE

THE Hedding-Carthage debate was held this year at Abingdon on April 14, after this book was in the hands of the printer. Our representatives in last year's debate were C. P. Tranberg, Louis Rupp and Lawrence Huey. The debate was held in Carthage, April 15, 1910. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That the commission form of municipal government should be adopted by all cities of from 10,000 to 200,000 population." Carthage defended the affirmative. The judges were L. B. Clark, Elvaston, Ill.; S. H. Trego, Blandinsville, Ill., and Prof. Maynard, of Monmouth College. The decision was two in favor of the affirmative.



BRAIN AND BRAWN BANQUET

 ONE of the most enjoyable of the social functions afforded to the students and friends of the college is the Brain and Brawn Banquet. On the evening of March seventeenth the members of the organization gave their tenth annual banquet in the Christian church parlors. About eight-thirty the guests proceeded to the dining room and there enjoyed a full evening of pleasure.



M E N U

OYSTERS VOL AU VENT CELERY

BAKED CHICKEN	MASHED POTATOES
PEAS EN TIMBALE	
CRANBERRY JELLY	SWEET PICKLES
HOT TEA BISCUITS	

WALDORF SALAD

CHEESE BALLS	SARATOGA WAFERS
ICE CREAM	STRAWBERRIES
CAKES	
ANGEL FOOD	BROWN STONE FRONT

COFFEE	CREAM MINTS
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P R O G R A M

O. D. SLATER, TOASTMASTER

Greetings	MISS PEARL MARTIN
The Day of Small Things	PROF. S. N. CARPENTER
The Co-Eds	MR. KARR PARKER
Athletics of an Early Day	JUDGE J. ARTHUR BAIRD
B. & B. Ideals	MR. J. WM. GETZENDANER



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



HH

CARTHAGE
COLLEGE

65



FOOTBALL TEAM

LINE-UP

Quarter Back	Edward Martin
Full Back	Arthur Loomis
Right Half	Willie O'Haver
Left Half	Lynn Welge, (Capt.)
Right End	Ray Hartman
Right Tackle	Luther Swaney
Right Guard	Earl Poland
Center	Clarence Talbot, Richards
Left Guard	George Ihnen
Left Tackle	Luther Walter
Left End	Wm. Jones

SCHEDULE

Carthage, 27	C. H. S., 0
Carthage, 0	Christian University, 5
Carthage, 0	G. C. B. C., 3
Carthage, 6	Illinois College, 0
Carthage, 0	G. C. B. C., 20
Carthage, 11	W. I. S. N., 22



A TOAST

 H, the full back bows to the cheering crowd,
And the halves, and the quarters, too,
And the praise ascends to the plucky ends
Who fight for the crimson true;
But to none so great do I dedicate
This poor little verse of mine,
But here's to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold the line!

You watch the game and you all exclaim:
"Just watch that fellow run!"
And you'll shout and roar when the struggle's o'er
That the game was only won
By the full back pluck in the splendid buck
That carried him to the goal;
But you don't see fit to think a bit
Of the man who made the hole.

Yes, the full back has his need of thanks,
And the quarter "did it all,"
And the halves are praised, and a voice is raised
For the end who got the ball;
But now take your cup and fill it up
To the brim with sparkling—wine;
A toast to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who held the line.

—Adapted.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



FOOTBALL REVIEW

SEASON 1911

PROBABLY there was never a time since the beginning of football at Carthage College that the outlook for the football season was so discouraging as on Sept. 1st, 1910. Not one regular player of last year's team was out practicing, nearly every member left College either by graduation or other causes, in fact only a few of the second team men were back in College, so we had to start the season with an inexperienced squad of men who had to begin right down in the A B C of football.

Stuart Clark had been elected captain for this year, but upon leaving, Lynn Welge was elected.

Welge proved a good captain, always heady in the game, and was so well liked that he was re-elected as captain for the 1911 team.

On Oct. 1st we played our High School 27 to 0. On Oct. 8 Christian University won from us after a hard fought game, by a score of 5 to 0. On Oct. 15, G. C. B. C. in the last minute of play kicked a drop kick on us, winning the game 3 to 0. Oct. 28 we took Old Illinois College into camp by a score of 6 to 0. Our boys played a great game that day and had we not accomplished another thing this year the Illinois game was well worth the work of the season. On Nov. 12, we played our return game with G. C. B. C. at Quincy, being beaten by a score of 20 to 0, and on Nov. 25 we were beaten at Macomb by W. I. S. N. 22 to 11. Neither of these games were lost by the poor playing of any one or two men, but to rather the uneven playing of the team, the men at times not all playing together as is so frequently the case with a new team.

The season has passed with few injuries, none of permanent nature. True we were beaten but a man is never proven a man until he knows how to take a defeat and how to take a victory. We believe that we have been bettered by this year's practice and that the 1911 team will reap much benefit from this year's practice. Whatever can be said of the team this fall no one can say that they were quitters; and now since the season is over is anyone regretting that he played this year, and are we not glad that we had a team in 1910?



CARTHAGE
COLLEGE

68



H! here's to the man who won his "C"
Made a bum grade in Chemistry,
Here's to the man who bluffed and lost
Got from the pros a look of frost,
Here's to the man who's wild or mum
Ready to work for business or bum,
Toil like a slave for the varsity,
Oh! here's to the man who's won his "C."

BASKET BALL REVIEW

SEASON OF 1911

IT has only been a little more than a student's generation ago, when Basket Ball was introduced into our College. As with all new games, it had its difficulties to overcome, and the new game had only a tardy hold on the College when the present Senior Class entered as Freshmen. In that same year, with the prospects for a good team, with a good schedule arranged, and when everything seemed to be running smoothly, a deep sorrow was thrust upon us by the untimely death of one of the team in a game with the Keokuk Y. M. C. A. Basket Ball was abandoned for the remainder of that year, and it seemed hard to arouse the spirit the succeeding year, but little by little our Basket Ball team has forged ahead, and this year we have had a team unparalleled in the Basket Ball history of C. C.

Our team has won all but one game played on the home floor, and has played credibly when on strange floors. With such men as Hartman, Martin, Carlin, Taylor and Walter, it takes an extra strong team to defeat us on our own floor.

The first game of the season was played with C. H. S. It was then that our boys showed good form, defeating the H. S. by a score of 32 to 14. On Jan. 13, in a fast game with the LaHarpe Meteors, our boys won their second game, 26 to 15. In a game with Illinois College at Jacksonville, our boys went down in defeat, but only after a hard fight, and with only a score of 28 to 19. Jan. 30, with Parsons, at Fairfield, Iowa, our team struck something that was extra fast, and lost by a score of 51 to 23. The next night we lost again, to Iowa Wesleyan 29 to 26. Shurtleff on their yearly tour defeated our boys 44 to 22. This was one of the roughest games ever played on our floor, and we are not surprised that we lost. W. I. S. N. played a return game at Carthage Feb. 24, and even though but three of the regular team played, we defeated them 34 to 28.

Although we have lost a large percent of our games, we feel well pleased over this season's showing. Our hardest games were played on strange floors, and under rather hard circumstances.

SCHEDULE

Carthage, 22	C. H. S., 14
Carthage, 26	LaHarpe Meteors, 15
Carthage, 19	Illinois College, 28
Carthage, 23	Parsons, 51
Carthage, 26	Iowa Wesleyan, 29
Carthage, 32	W. I. S. N., 38
Carthage, 22	Shurtleff, 44
Carthage, 34	W. I. S. N., 28

THE TEAM

Left Forward	Edward Martin
Right Forward	Carl Carlin
Center	Raymond Hartman
Left Guard	Luther Walter
Right Guard	Stephen Taylor



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



THE 1910 TRACK SQUAD

THE TEAM

Roswell O'Harra	Sprints
Earl Poland	Discus
Willie O'Haver	Pole vault and high jump
Stephen Taylor	Mile and half mile
Jervis Clark (Capt.)	220 dash, hammer, shot
Stuart Clark	50, 100, 220 dashes, broad jump
William Jones	High jump
Arthur Schmidt	Discus
Harry Curts	Pole vault
Luther Walter	Half mile
Luther Swaney	Mile
Robert McFarland	440 dash
Roy Coleman	220 and 110 hurdles



TRACK REVIEW

SEASON OF 1910

CARTHAGE COLLEGE has always been proud of her track records. And again in 1910 she has been made happy by a track career that has not been equalled for a number of years.

Winning two out of three meets by large margin is a showing which cannot be sneered at. And when we take into consideration, that these same schools have defeated us for the last few years, we are doubly glad that our team was able to defeat them.

The track meet with W. I. S. N. on May 6, gave the Carthage people an opportunity to see what our team could do. From the time the pistol rang out to start the first dash, until the last event was pulled off, Carthage was in the lead. So well did our boys handle the situation that they were able to capture ten firsts against the opponents four.

On May 13, we met our old rival, Illinois, and turned the tables on her. Illinois has always had a fast team, and the rivalry between us has waxed warm for many years. With May 13, we began a series of victories which we hope will continue.

Although Illinois had a strong aggregation and came to Carthage with the best of spirits, our boys were also in good trim, and captured eleven firsts to add to their former glory.

This meet speaks for itself when we learn that two records were broken, and others approached. The high hurdle record was broken by Coleman, lowering the time to 18 1-5 sec. Hedgecock established a new hammer record for Illinois.

In the William and Vashti team we met a strong opponent. Our team was handicapped by loss of sleep, and by the loss of Coleman, who was injured in the baseball game the day before. The meet was fast in some respects but far below the Carthage standard, showing that our boys were not in good condition.

The inter-class meet and the alumni meet were interesting and enjoyable. In our indoor meet several records were broken.



SCHEDULE

Carthage, 77½	Illinois College, 39½
Carthage, 41	William and Vashti, 75
Carthage, 84⅔	W. I. S. N., 41⅓

CARTHAGE COLLEGE RECORDS

TRACK AND FIELD

50 yard dash—5 2-5 sec.	T. R. Helms
100 yard dash—10 1-5 sec.	J. C. Helms
220 yard dash—22 2-5 sec.	J. C. Helms
440 yard dash—56 sec.	J. C. Helms, B. L. Mathis
880 yard dash—2 min. 11 sec.	T. R. Helms
1 mile run—4 min. 56¼ sec.	Stephen Taylor
3½ mile run—23 min. 22 sec.	O. D. Slater
220 yard hurdles—27 3-5 sec.	C. A. Sundberg
120 yard high hurdles—18 min. 1-5 sec.	Roy Coleman
Shot put—38 ft. 8 in.	Ben Mathews
Hammer throw—113 ft. 7 in.	Clyde Johnson
Discus hurl—107 ft. 8 in.	A. E. Schmidt
Pole vault—10 ft. 1¼ in.	Waldo Williams
High jump—5 ft. 6½ in.	J. Arthur Baird
Broad jump—21 ft.	J. Arthur Baird

INDOOR RECORDS

20 yard dash (men)—2 4-5 sec.	C. A. Sundberg
20 yard dash (girls)—3 2-5 sec.	M. Frances Foley
Shot put—32 ft. 2¾ in.	G. Clark
Pole vault—9 ft.	J. Wm. Getzendaner
Standing broad jump—9 ft. 1 in.	S. Clark
Standing high jump—4 ft. 5½ in.	S. Clark
Girls running high jump—3 ft. 10 in.	M. Frances Foley
Running high jump—5 ft. 2 in.	W. O'Haver
20 yard high hurdle—3 3-5 sec.	G. Clark
440 yard dash—1 min. 12 sec.	R. McFarland
880 yard dash—2 min. 35 1-5 sec.	Stephen Taylor
1 mile run—5 min. 32 sec.	Stephen Taylor



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



THE 1910 BASEBALL TEAM

SCHEDULE

Carthage, 4	Elliot B. C., 4
Carthage, 4	C. H. S., 3
Carthage, 1	Shurtleff, 3
Carthage, 1	William and Vashti, 3
Carthage, 2	Iowa Wesleyan, 3
Carthage, 2	William and Vashti, 19

THE TEAM

Catcher	R. Jones
First base	Roswold O'Harra, Stuart Clark
Second base	Edward Martin (Capt.)
Third base	Otis Wood, Campbell
Short stop	Jervis Clark, Bell
Pitcher	Willie O'Haver
Left field	Lynn Welge
Center field	Frank Campbell, Coleman
Right field	Earl Bell, B. Campbell



BASEBALL REVIEW

SEASON OF 1910

WITH the spring of 1910 came the installation of another game into our athletic curriculum, that of baseball. For several years baseball was desired by the students, but there was never enough impetus to carry the desire, until last spring when the baseball fans made a protest for it, and accomplished their end.

Although Carthage College had no traditional baseball enthusiasm, it did not lack strong support, both from the students and the public. The way in which people stood by the team shows that Carthage, too, has some of the same stuff, of which all Americans are made, and that she is not behind the times when it comes to playing that great American game, Baseball.

We began the season greatly handicapped, both in equipment and experience, and for these reasons we have a string of defeats tallied up against us. But our team made a good showing for the first year's work, allowing only one large score to be piled up against us.

The season was rather uneventful. The feature of every game was the twirling done by our pitcher, O'Haver. He collected as many as thirteen strike-outs in one game, and with strong support could have led our team to victory. The season was one of errors. Our batting averaged better than our opponents', but we allowed too many runs on poor plays.

The Faculty-Senior game was the farce of the year. No one thought that a professor could play ball, and when the faculty team appeared on the field arrayed in their new uniforms, it was a sporty sight. However, the Seniors soon found out that the professors could slug some, and their play was turned into work as they chased the ball hot from the bat. We also found that some of our professors were great sprinters, and this helps to account for their large score, 26 to 13.



"C" MEN

FOOT BALL

Luther Walter
Harry Hartman
John Gent
Turner Foley
Lynn Welge
George Ihnen
Earl Poland
Arthur Loomis
Raymond Hartman
Luther Swaney
Willie O'Haver
William Jones
Edward Martin

TRACK

Earl Poland
Stephen Taylor
Arthur Schmidt
Willie O'Haver
William Getzendaner

STRIPE MEN

Stephen Taylor
Arthur Schmidt





THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

THE TEAM

Jumping C.....Mary Clark
 Side C.....Lenore Cheyillon
 R. Forward.....Sara Geiger
 L. Forward.....Frieda Berry
 R. Guard.....Ruth Hartzell
 L. Guard.....Pearl Martin

SCHEDULE

Carthage, 43.....C. H. S., 0
 Carthage, 28.....Canton U., 5
 Carthage, 14.....Dallas C. H. S., 11
 Carthage, 19.....W. I. S. N., 12



GIRLS' BASKET BALL REVIEW

SEASON OF 1911

ALTHOUGH Girls' Basket Ball is practically new in our College, and has been handicapped by the girls being unable to play away from home, our team this season has finished the year without a defeat. This is the second year that our girls have been able to finish the season undefeated, and we are justly proud of them.

Although we had but two of the old players back, losing our forwards, one center and guards, we were fortunate in having four experienced players in the Freshman class. Another great advantage was a good second team. And the loyalty with which the girls practiced put any other organization to shame. Nothing could keep them from practice, and with the able assistance of their coach, R. Hartman, they were able to do some good work.

In the first game with C. H. S. our girls showed their ability along four lines. Handling the ball, throwing baskets, guarding and keeping from fouling. The score, 43 to 0 shows that our girls were playing together all the time. Although this was rather too much one-sided to be interesting, still we were assured that their success for the remainder of the season was certain.

Canton University came to Carthage with a clear record, and with told and untold confidence. But after a few minutes of play it was clearly seen that our girls had them out-classed at every turn. Canton went home with an almost clean record, for the final score was 28 to 5 in our favor.

The hardest fought game of the season was with Dallas City H. S. This team came to Carthage with a great record, having played several games, with as many victories. Their team work was fast, and their basket throwing sure, and it was not until the last few minutes of play that we were sure of victory. Even though the score was a tie at times, our plucky team always took heart and forged ahead, to finish the game in a V-I-C-T-O-R-Y by three points, 14 to 11.

The last game of the season, and the most interesting from several view points, was played with W. I. S. N. The good team work, especially between our centers, was a feature. One of the Normal forwards was a dexterous basket thrower, and it was dangerous to allow the ball to get into their territory, but our centers, with the able assistance of the guards, kept it from the danger line, only allowing five baskets. Both of our forwards seemed to be in good condition, and although strongly guarded, tallied four baskets each. So ended the 1911 Basket Ball season, with a score of 19 to 12.

We are proud of our girls' team. We feel that they have won high honors for old C. C. Every team that has come to play them has gone away feeling that our girls were square and lady-like, and these are the highest honors that can be bestowed on any team. We are sorry that they have not been able to display their ability on friendly floors, and we hope that in the near future, they will be allowed to visit other schools and win laurels away from home.



OUR COACH



THERE are "Men" and "Men" in this world. Some with whom we love to associate, some worth knowing, and still others with whom we do not wish to become acquainted.

In the history of Old C. C. we have had at the head of our athletics some of the very best men prominent in that profession. But the students who have attended this school for the last four years, have had as one of their greatest assets the association with a man of such sterling character, intrepid honesty, and untiring sportsmanlike efforts, as those possessed by our coach, J. Arthur Baird.

The life of "Our Coach" has been the proof of the old adage, "You can not keep a good man down." In his early school life he possessed that faculty of forging ahead, and attaining the highest. His life at Carthage College shows his undaunted courage, and "bull dog" perseverance. Although winning many laurels for his Alma Mater on the athletic field, he still was an enthusiastic student.

While completing his professional education at the Northwestern Law School, he again demonstrated his ability in athletics, having a position on every varsity team the University sent out, and breaking such records as shot put, discus hurl and the hammer throw which he still holds.

Coming to C. C. in the winter of 1907, he quickly saw the need of organization and system, which were inaugurated in due season, and since that time there has been a steady climb in our athletics. By his fairness and his winning personality, he soon won his way into the hearts of all the students, and has been most highly respected and loved by them through his four years of work here.

Last fall when our coach made known his intention of running for county judge on a ticket with a minority of five hundred votes, we felt glad that he was not on the ticket that was almost inevitable to win, for we knew that if he won it would be only a matter of time until he must sever his connections with the College. But when the official report was known, Our Coach, by fair means had won. We feel proud of him, and wish him every success that a loyal student body can, still we feel his loss greatly, and when he severs all connection with our College it will be a long regretted day. Although he will leave us our fond remembrances of his manliness will hold a warm place in our hearts.



A FABLE

ONCE upon a time a certain student entered Carthage College. He was not by any means a rich boy but he had plenty of ability and ambition. Yes, he had played football and knew the game, he had been a winner in track and even otherwise a genial good fellow. The coach got after him and finally prevailed on him to come out and work for the varsity. He came out in more ways than one. Whenever a costly loss was made it was he that made it up with a good gain. He was the pride of the team, the terror of the scrubs and the marked man of the opponents. The crowds on the sidelines sang songs in his honor—he was their hero. So the season ended and the manager figured up his expenses. He was in the hole. With right good will he hastened around and got up a paper to defray the deficit. “No, it won’t be more than a dollar and not that much if I can get enough to sign it,” he confided to our hero. Our hero paid the dollar. He was awarded his “C” and finally got it. He then dug down and bought himself a sweater to sew it on.

The next spring he came out for track and made good. Everybody admired his graceful ease. He earned his letter but never got it till he bought it himself. He sewed it to a cheap jersey that he bought at a damage sale and thus reaped his reward. Nevertheless his loyalty never waned. When nobody came out to see the meets how could the association buy sweaters like other schools did. Nevertheless he signed in feverish haste the petition for the athletic fee. However, it was useless.

For some reason or other it came to pass that he came back the next year. He won out in the oratorical contest. The prize was five dollars. In order that it might look well to the audience they wished to present him with a gold piece. He had one and loaned it to them for the occasion. They never got money enough to repay the loan, at any rate he got the prize.

He was rapidly becoming one of the most popular young men of the school, so in order to show their appreciation of him they elected him to the honor of business manager of the “Collegian.” He set about his work. With a right good will he was glad to accommodate all the business men who were “delighted” to take space in his paper. He went in the “hole”, as they always do, and didn’t feel as though he should bother the societies, so paid it himself. Here was a man to be prized, so every one congratulated him on his successful management of the paper.

The next year he went to Canton to debate. He bought a new suit for the occasion, besides paying for some reference books and part of his expenses. Of course he won and the old college pealed out the glad tidings. Everyone smiled at him now. That week he began clerking in a store during spare hours to make up for his debate expenses. In appreciation for his noble work in honor of the college he was elected a member of the Brain and Brawn.

In his senior year he balked. Yes, it was a straight out and out balk. People were aghast, they couldn’t understand, but he did. He knew that they knew that he knew that he had ability but he saw the other side too—they didn’t.

MORAL_____?



SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

MAN is truly a social creature; his social instinct manifests itself in the cradle, develops with age and is only destroyed with death. It is a divinely appointed gift which, if left to itself may lead to the lowest paths of infamy and crime; but which, if carefully cultivated will be of great benefit in the accumulation of knowledge and the enjoyment of pleasure, and will prove a blessing to mankind. It is a duty man owes to himself to mingle with his fellow-men.

The man of influence is a man of society unless genius alone draws the admiration of the masses, and such men are few in the legends of the past. He who can find time for the joys and the sorrows of others will not be excluded from the hearts of his fellow-creatures.

Not only in man does the social instinct manifest itself. We find it throughout nature. Harmony is the great law of the universe. Goethe has beautifully said: "All weaves itself into a whole, one in the other works and lives." In flocks the birds make their annual journeys; in herds the cattle graze upon the hill-sides; the brooklet lightly flows over its pebbly bed, laughingly greets its companion, and together they press onward, down hillside, through valley, bounding on to join the rushing river. The interwoven branches of the forest, the neighboring blades of grass all seem to convince us that society is predominant. The zephyrs wooingly lull the soul to calm and peace.

Ah,—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

But much that appears to be society is only solitude. The leaves and branches of the forest trees mingle, yet how lonely is the forest; the corals build the watery citadels, yet each coral lives in its own secluded cell. In the great universe of nature no two atoms actually touch each other. We learn that there is no isolated matter but where is there any in union?

Many an individual lives in the midst of society yet is not of it; mere bodily presence is not companionship. Numbers do not constitute society. Companionship of feeling, unity of purpose, a reaction of thought and sentiment—this is society. With such a standard how much of the supposed friendship becomes absolute separation. Human lives touch each other yet are as distant as the stars. Uncommunicated thought, untold struggles, deep yearnings, fond hopes oc-



cupy the most secluded recesses of every heart. All that is revealed is only the droppings of the great wheel, the stream itself flows on to eternity.

But since there is so much solitude we may inquire as to its utility. Thinking and acting—that is life. Society is the place to act, solitude to think. The mind has ever made its greatest achievements alone, away from the crowd. Here has the poet mused; here have the philosophers thought. Men of genius have ever been lovers of seclusion. Society is blest by the reflection of solitude.

Man does not come forth from his retirement a selfish, disinterested being, to send a chill wherever he goes, but, having noticed the workings of society, its needs, from his secluded point of observation, is prepared to meet its demands and alleviate its needs. He comes to his work with a mind rich in thought and reflection, with an earnest zeal to bless humanity.

That solitude is of greater importance than society we do not claim. Both are essential. He who excludes himself from the companionship of others, denies himself of so much comfort and happiness. Wordsworth has well said:

“There is a comfort in the strength of love,
’Twill make a thing endurable which else
Would break my heart.”

But he who finds himself the tool of society, who is ever found in the great current, rushing where it rushes, knowing not whether it ends in a placid lake or some wild Niagara, is only a straw in the grasp of the tempest.

Solitude is the place to plan; society the place to develop plans. He who would conquer in life’s struggle must plan and fight many battles alone; must acquire with toil “that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live and act well and wisely.”

A. K. R., '87.

From the *Carthaginian* of Nov. '86.



A SOPH'MORE MEMORY

THERE are small cellars and large cellars; dark cellars and light cellars and interesting cellars and uninteresting cellars. Some perhaps we would not care to enter but not all are such. I have in mind one which is dear, I am sure, to many at the present time, because of the many pleasant hours spent there. Owing to the fact that one day is but the repetition of the one before, I'll not speak of any particular day, but one as it should happen at any time.

In September, when the student returns to once more take up his work as a Sophomore, he squints at the catalogue and exclaims, "Do I have to take Chemistry?" When assured of the fact some are heard to moan in utter despair. They have heard somewhere of H_2S , Cl , and CS_2 and visions of fainting spells and explosions float before them. But it makes no difference,—they pass on to the realization of such speculations.

While others,—well they look forward to the pleasure to be derived: to the two-hour lab. periods: to the fudge and creamed lobsters and shrimps obtained from the zoology class and to the gossip and chattering. To them it is one joyous picnic.

The diligent student is impatient for the door to open and if possible persuades the janitor to open it; some find it necessary to remain away half of the period; others come not at all. To some their note book is their pride, and will long be cherished. Others hardly know what one is.

The chemist, for that is what we must call him now, dons his apron or jeans as the case may be, and is ready for work. Early in the year, when he can still count his explosions, broken test-tubes, cut fingers and precipitates, he is quite timid and with care pours H_2O over $NaCl$. Later he would bravely mix chlorine and nitrogen and touch it off with a feather—if he dared.

He rather enjoys mixing FeS and HCl but she next to him says that it reminds her of attempting to bake a cake with eggs supposed to be fresh—and were not.

On all sides, one hears exclamations of surprise and wonder such as, "Oh ain't this purtty," or "ain't this like yours?" "Mine wasn't quite so dark." "I don't believe yours is right." "Say, did you git a precipitate?" From the middle table come, "Gee, this is hot." "Oh, I cut my finger nearly off!" "Look at my hands. How will I ever get those yellow stains off? I believe it's nitric acid," or perhaps, "just look at this hole in my skirt," we hear from a girl who neglected to put on her apron.

BANG! We hear the rattle of glass, and screaming and see the stopping of ears and holding of—heads, and—oh, someone has had an explosion. What caused it? Only tried to light up the hydrogen generator, that's all. How much do such explosions cost, do you ask? Only a couple of flasks, two fingers and an ear, perhaps.

After several hours of such pleasure and recreation, we turn our faces to the recitation room. We can usually tell by the expression depicted on the faces whether the student is ill or well prepared, or whether he has some startling new discovery to unfold.



We hear, "I recited last time. I hardly think that he will call on me to-day," or "Gee! I hope he calls on me first as I haven't studied all the lesson." But alas! sometimes their hopes are blighted and the student thus afflicted feels quite a discomforture creeping over him. The cold sweat appears in huge drops, the feet shuffle and we hear, "I'm not prepared, Professor," or better, "I don't understand that at all." Perhaps the question was based on the Molecular hypothesis or the periodic system and we can well sympathize with the victim of such a question.

The time passes on, perhaps now and then a restless boy is requested to leave the room or some giggling girl to be quiet. When—ting a ling—the bell sounds and we reach for our books, eager for the assignment of the next lesson, and then we pass out, having enjoyed a pleasant half-day indeed.

H. W. H., '11.



WAS HE HOMESICK?

He sits upon the rocking chair,
With far and steady fixed look,
His head of black disheveled hair
Is bending o'er a student's book.

His silent hand turns not a page,
His half closed hands see not the lines
Nor yet the picture, dimmed by age,
That still with noble genius shines.

The painting is a masterpiece,
Portrayed well a fireside scene;
It does our Hero's grief increase,
And tears begin his eyes to clean.

In heart he longs for one true friend,
And all day long, in work or play,
Sweet-scented visions him attend,
Of those true friends so far away.

His chum, a jolly little lad,
Tries every way a smile to win,
But Hero's face grows yet more sad,
While on his breast he lays his chin.

Not always does he sit and stare,
But sometimes walks the noisy floor,
And with that sad and dreamy air
He seems to look beyond the door.

In sighs he moves his troubled breast;
He shows much absent-mindedness;
Both here and there he's ne'er at rest;
His life seems one of woefulness.

What can it be that makes him thus,
That seems to take his consciousness,
So very sad compared with us,
Is that what you call "homesickness?"

—By PREXY, 1895.



REALIZATION

IT was one of those hazy evenings following a genuine western rain. The wind had laid late in the afternoon, leaving the atmosphere cool and invigorating; and for young blood the temptation for a canter was too great to be overcome.

May Potter had moved from the far east when a very young girl and had been reared upon the western frontier, which knows no fear, no selfishness, no formality. Her life had been an eventful one; with no neighbors to molest, no children for playmates, no social whims to overcome, and a father and mother who felt for the loneliness of their daughter, May was lord of all she surveyed and did everything from breaking a broncho to rounding up a herd of cattle and branding them. Oft times her little hands had used the lariat more skillfully than those of the men. And as a child she was constantly in the saddle winning the praise of the rough yet tender-hearted cowboys.

As she left the house that evening, with whip in hand, a coyote in the distance burdened the air with his uncanny howl, sending the blood coursing through her body and bringing that exhilarating feeling which is known only to those who live in an unsettled country. She threw a kiss to her mother in the door-way, as she left the yard and putting the steel gently to her pony, she struck off at a smart gallop towards the little settlement some miles distant. She rode along an unfenced, sparsely settled road. The balmy air softly patted her on the cheeks and caught her hair, waving it in long tresses behind. Here and there a sage hen broke the rhythmic beat of the pony's hoofs as it flopped away in the twilight. In the distance the cattle stood silhouetted against the sky like grim spectors, while the distant cry of the night hawk and the occasional wail of a wild cat made the scene ghostly.

As the lights of the village grew brighter May drew in her pony and rode leisurely up to the postoffice. The mail train had just passed and left a scant sack of mail which was being distributed. The store was crowded with hilarious girls and boistrous men. As May entered she noticed two well-groomed strangers, men not wearing the broad sombrero, the buck-skins and the cruel spurs of the westerner. They too were enjoying themselves. All the eyes of the crowd were turned in their direction. No sooner had she come into the light than several men rushed forward to grasp her hand. The last of these held it longer than was necessary and stooping over, whispered something to her. Her coal black eyes flashed fire and, withdrawing her hand, she answered coldly, "I will." The next moment she was introduced to George Warner, one of the strangers whom she found very interesting.



George's companion standing nearby viewed her critically and marvelled at her beauty. Never had he seen such a pretty creature. "The west alone could hold such a charm;" he thought. She was erect, graceful at every move. Her glossy black hair, although somewhat disheveled by the wind, hung in flowing curls about her bare, slender neck. He was fascinated with her black, sparkling eyes, her rosy cheeks, her noble chin, her tempting lips and the devilish toss of her head. He noticed her perfect riding habit consisting of a white blouse, short buckskin skirt, long boots to match and silver spurs. Twice he was asked the same question which he did not seem to understand and then, begging the lady's pardon, moved over to the side of his friend.

The mail distributed the merry party broke up and May was alone with her newly acquired friend, Leo Kronkite. He asked her something to which she nodded assent, and they moved out of the store into the light of a full western moon which knows no equal for brilliancy and splendor. Going to the hitch rack, he held her mount; then taking the black horse tied next, they galloped off across the prairie. Nothing broke the rythmical hoof beats of their ponies, and they chattered gaily as mile after mile quickly passed by. Suddenly May saw a figure silhouetted against the western horizon. Its shape much resembled the headless horseman of which she had read. In a flash she understood but showed no sign of fear nor did she tell her friend. It followed abreast of them till her home appeared and then it was lost to view. Reaching home she gave her western yodel, to assure her parents that it was she. Immediately her father came out and addressed the young man, saying, "Biglow, quite a spell of rain we had, thought we were going to move again, but—"

"Father," interrupted May, "I wish you to meet Mr. Kronkite, late from Harvard. He just came this evening to investigate the Zill range. Give me your coat and hat and entertain Mr. Kronkite until I return. I want to ride up the road for a mile."

"May, dear," said Mr. Potter, "is there anything wrong?"

Having already donned the masculine attire, she struck her pony a sharp cut, and without replying, galloped swiftly away. Hardly had she covered half a mile until hoof beats sounded in her ears. She spurred her horse to a run and was followed by a mounted horseman. A race ensued for a few minutes but the larger horse crept closer and May heard a familiar voice say, "You villain, repent what you have done or look down this muzzle. If you don't know I can tell you now that I love th—" A ripple of laughter floated over the evening air.

"Why—M—why—May," stammered Biglow. Then the two horses rubbed sides and in the silence that followed a snake crossed the road and rattled warningly.

J. W. G., '11.



FACES I SEE IN MY DREAMS

I DOZE in my old easy chair,
And dream of the years long gone by,
When I was still youthful and fair,
And never a sorrow came nigh.
I live o'er the old days again,
And often upon me there gleams
A vision of friends I loved then,
Whose faces I see in my dreams.

There wanders beside me once more,
The one above others most dear;
Wee forms flit about as of yore,
And sweet, childish voices I hear.
And oft in the gathering night,
My mother's loved countenance beams,
Ah, never was lovelier sight
Than this which I see in my dreams.

Sweet dreams full of purest delight,
Oft visit my slumbers I pray!
And so shall the darkness of night
Be brighter than brightness of day.
Full many a countenance fair
And holy and beautiful seems;
But never a face can compare
With faces I see in my dreams.

—Emma Bell, C. C., '07.



THE SENIORS' SURPRISE

“**H**AVE you ever met a girl just like Margaret Crandell—a girl who was so charming, so absolutely, thoroughly charming and so popular from her first day in the Freshman class to the day of her graduation? Do you remember the way she had of coming out of all her difficulties with victory on her banners and of getting the good-will of the matrons and the admiration of—the Faculty? Or did you ever hear the story of our Senior banquet?”

“Well, I know she could walk straight into a fellow’s heart and create a fearful uproar even if he was only a Sophi. But after I had to leave school, I was too busy looking after the office to keep up my interest in my class. You know my father’s sudden death left business in a tangle and then—O well, I guess my hit with her had about the powerful force of a gnat’s muscle. But, by George, Bob, I’m glad to run across someone who can tell me all about old times at A—— College and so let’s hear about Margaret and the banquet or any old thing that concerns A——. It surely does seem good to get away from the grind at the office and back to those good old days.”

Bob settled himself comfortably in the easiest chair and, gazing meditatively at his friend through the dreamy, blue haze from his excellent cigar, finally began his story. He recalled the escapades of giddy, green Freshman days in all of which Margaret was a leader. They spoke of the wisdom they thought they had acquired when they occupied Sophomore benches in chapel, but from the middle of the year, Bob had to tell the story alone.

“In the first few days of our Junior year someone discovered that Margaret was taking a lot of philosophy and psychology and such interesting stuff. When we asked her why, she said, ‘Some day you will hear of Margaret Crandell, Ph. D., who performs such wonderful experiments and writes such interesting works on the workings of man’s mind.’ I heard her roommate say that more likely she was intending to capture Professor Johnstone’s heart as he was about the only man on the campus who had not fallen a victim to her charms.”

“Johnstone, that old fossil? Why he was all head—he hadn’t a heart! I remember once Margaret said that in some pre-historic age he had taken his bachelor’s degree and it had rendered him forever immune to feminine wiles. I can just imagine Margaret—O no, I can’t and neither can you, Bob,” and the young fellow laughed heartily as he pictured to himself the near-sighted “fossil” with the queer glasses who was always seen poring over a book and who blushed violently if a young lady spoke to him; and then Margaret, the ath-



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letic, vivacious, fun-loving girl who avoided the fatal study hour as much as possible—how could these two have any interest in common?

"You remember, Phil," continued Bob, "Margaret always got grades that the rest of us worked for by simply smiling her way through classes and appearing to be busily taking notes when she really was writing a new recipe which she would try that evening on some unsophisticated youth who would imagine he was being served with nectar and ambrosia. No Professor would be so cruel as to call on a maiden so intent on catching every precious iota of knowledge that he uttered. But in that philosophy class, in fact in all of Johnstone's classes, Margaret was on the front row, the 'Amen' corner, you know, drinking it all in. And she worked so hard over her notebook, which we christened 'Margaret's lamb' since it was always with her even on the tennis court, that we couldn't help wondering about it, some of us who were—well, interested. Whenever the 'lamb' was mentioned Margaret would assure us it was so carefully tended in order that she might get an A to report to her fond but dubious relatives. 'Just watch me get that A,' she would boast, 'I'll show 'em I can do something besides play basket ball and tennis.'"

"Why, Johnstone must have several thousand A's in his gradebook for I never heard of any student who could coax one away from him. We all thought Margaret, with the rest of us, would be in great luck to escape a "C."

"We all went home before we got our Junior grades so we were unable to learn whether or not Margaret's parents had heart failure. When we were Seniors, Margaret seemed different somehow—just as sweet and pleasant as ever, only a little more dignified and hard to approach so we never inquired as to the fate of 'the lamb.' And, Bob, there were some of us who didn't care if she never made a grade if she would only seem a little more interested in us."

Well, to get to the point, the days just flew and soon we were holding our last banquet. The toastmaster was Will Markson—remember old Mark—and he called on Margaret to respond to the toast. "The Faculty." Say, Bob, she just looked great when she rose to give her response; she had on one of those fussy gowns that remind you of strawberry soda—no use to try to describe it. She began with Prexy and went through the list until at last there was but one left. Then she took up a glass and her cheeks got pinker and her eyes got even more starry—forgive the slush, I didn't mean it to be so emotional—but she did look great, as I said, when she said, 'And here's to the best of them all, Arthur Johnstone, commonly known as the Fossil, and from now on, to be known as my fiancé.' Did we drink it, Bob? Every last man of us but it was worse than the sulphur and molasses mother used to make us take in the spring."



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Neither man spoke. The cold gray ashes of their cigars dropped downward unnoticed. The dying embers in the grate softly fell to pieces but neither noticed. Finally rousing himself, Phil said quietly, "Bob, I think we were the real fossils after all. They're coming home from Europe next week."

"Yes, so I heard." Then in a manner meant to be off-hand and casual, he added, "I think I shall run down to Buenos Ayres Thursday for a few months. Good-night, old man."

M. B. CANNON, '11



"Nowher so besy a man as he ther was,
And yit he seemede besier than he was."



Who rakes the leaves up in the fall,
Who pumps the water for Gym and Hall,
Who seems the students patient thrall?
Oh,—Volmer.

Who cleans up things with all his might,
Who feeds the furnace day and night,
And always keeps just out of sight?
Why,—Volmer.

Who met us first with open hand
And talked of things we'd understand,
Who really feels he owns this land?
Why,—Volmer.

If you have played some trick,—don't blow,
You maybe think the profs are slow,
Who is it then that's sure to know?
It's,—Volmer.



STRUCK

UES, they had struck! With feverish haste they hacked the frozen earth with their picks, then filled their palms with the loose dirt and yellow metal. They had toiled long and hard for this and now near the end of the season they had realized their dream. GOLD! That word alone has sent men into the frozen north for wealth or disappointment, made demons of some and sent others to an early grave. They looked up and their eyes met, not with a look of joy but one of fierce exultation, while a grim smile settled on their faces and turned their eyes back to their hands.

Both were strong well built men. The one had come from somewhere down in God's country and had gotten that training, which gave him such broad shoulders, punching cows. When the north called he turned a resolute face to the poles and went forth to seek his fortune with the rest. He knew no fear as his trusty rifle always within easy reach while at work gave him the assurance of its protection. While the square jaw set in the brawny face booded ill for him who should cross his will.

His companion was a strong evil-eyed Mexican. A subtle gleam in his eyes might have been called handsome were he at a distance, but closer the face was anything but that. Nothing but viciousness gleamed from the beady eyes that glared at you from under the dark high arched eyebrows. These two had met in mutual enterprise and joined forces to seek a fortune among the rock of the Klondike.

It was a rich find and eagerly they turned to their work, anxious to get in as many days as possible before they must return to civilization. Day after day they toiled, gathering the rich earth and washing out the precious ore. Night found them working later and later, straining every tendon for a few pounds more. But shorter grew the days and the torpid sun crept farther and farther north. Soon they would have to give up their labors and return to civilization during the severe months of the winter. The place should be marked and at a certain date they would both return and again take up their common claim. So it was arranged and at last the day came when they must cease operations and set out.

Silently they covered the pit and buried the tools. Then the American set about preparing supper. Nothing so far had been divided, each loath to say anything of breaking the hoard and each with the same determination in his heart. Presently the Mexican rose, took the pail and shambled off to the spring. Scarcely had the rocks hid him from view when he reached in his blouse and drew out a slender vial, then taking out his flask and after drinking a long draught from it, he poured in the poison. He filled the pail and with the same slouching walk returned to the camp. The fire was deserted. Over the coals the coffee steeped pleasantly and supper sizzled in the pan. Perhaps the pal was in the tent; well he would go give him a drink. It would not be long now before their ways would separate. They could not long drink to their friendship, he thought, as his lips parted in a vicious grin. He turned toward the door when a shot rang out and he sank beside it.



The American stepped out, looked contemptuously at the body and gave it a kick. A bottle rolled from the pocket and the tempting liquor attracted the brute's attention. He stooped and took it up. He would drink on the old fool; he had been good to help out but he couldn't use him now. He took a deep draught—dropped the bottle—a look of horror spread on his face. He sank down beside the corpse and a light of understanding came in his eyes. They had enjoyed it at least. A grim smile of death froze on his face and the two sank down together—silent guardians of their treasure.

A lone coyote on the hill saw the campfire as it flickered its signal, and then went out. With a long doleful howl he summoned his mates. The scavengers of the forest came and went and still the hillside is quiet. No rough hands have disturbed the deserted home. The treasure still lies within the deserted dugout but the moose now passes it without fear as he seeks out the babbling spring.

L. W.



OUT TO BAIRD'S

WHEN the sap begins a-creepin'
Upward through the maple trees
An' you're waked up from your sleepin'
By the buzzin' of the bees,
Comes the thoughts—an' I can't shake 'em
Of the hills around Baird's Pond,
Green as ever Spring could make 'em
With the magic of her wand,
An' the birds their songs a givin'
Like they never knew or cared
That the homes where they were livin'
All belonged to Mister Baird.

An' when led by fond ambitions,
I'm in Washington somewhere
Fillin' all the big positions
They're a saving for me there.
When I've worked the winter's season
And I 'gin to feel the strain
By the time its quit its freezin'
When the spring gets back again,
When I'm tired of shiftin' nations
And a bossin' Dukes and Lairds,
They can choose their destinations,
I'm a-goin' back to Baird's.





THE GYMNASIUM



DENHART HALL

DENHART HALL was built in 1900 through the generosity of the citizens of Carthage and Mr. Henry Denhart. It is a handsome two-story brick cottage with a basement. It is the home of the non-resident college girls and is capable of accommodating thirty students. This year there are twenty-three girls living here. Besides the students' rooms there are lavatories and baths on each floor. The double parlors have been made double attractive this year by the addition of a piano. In the basement are located the kitchen, store rooms and a large dining room where some of the college boys as well as the girls are boarded.

Mrs. Hattie L. Harris, known to college students as "Mother Harris," is matron. Through her management and control Denhart Hall has seemed more like a home to the girls than is usually true in larger halls where a more rigid discipline is necessary. Here the girls get the sharp corners of petty selfishness rubbed off by close association with others. Here they learn to regard the rights of others and practice unselfishness. Here many hours are improved by quiet, faithful study. When Friday night comes, however, studies are laid aside and the various rooms become the scene of spreads and jollifications which are not the least attractive part of dormitory life.

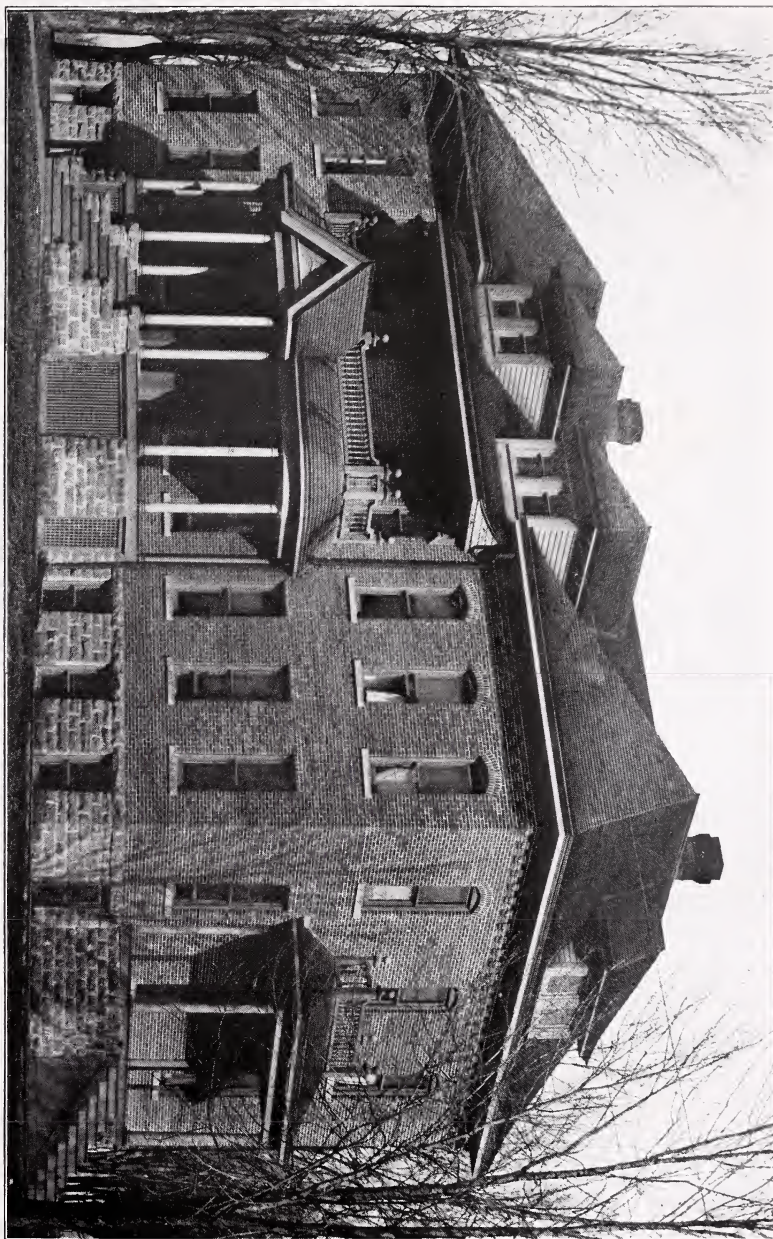


THE GYMNASIUM

THE college gymnasium is a very substantial structure and forms one of the chief attractions of college life here. The large main floor, 40x88 feet, makes basket ball and all indoor track work possible. The building is fully equipped with up-to-date apparatus for both men and girls' work. Consequently on regular class days the girls can be seen swinging the clubs, clicking the dumb-bells and drilling with wands or doing the more strenuous apparatus work. The boys, too, have the opportunity of practicing whatever part of track work they desire. The running track above the main floor serves also as a gallery for spectators during games and meets. The basement is fitted with hot and cold baths and lockers, thus making the gym a most serviceable and desirable place to work in.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



DENHART HALL



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER





Denhart Hall for Young Ladies

Newly opened hall with all the modern conveniences such as stationary gas, walking water, hot and cold janitor, steam heated doorknobs, deaf and dumb waiters, two kinds of cold water (dirty and clean).

The rooms are lighted, when you light the lamp, and are situated within the Hall.

No. 1. In order that girls shall not carry fruits from the table there will be none.

No. 2. If you get too hot open the window and see the fire escape.

No. 3. If you get hungry take a roll on the bed.

No. 4. If you get thirsty there is a spring in the bed.

Latest Song Hits

"Help the fallen, lift them up."—Ruth Hartzell.

"I was only teasing you."—Ruth Schell.

"If all the moons were honey moons."—Esther C.

"Gee, but there's class to a girl like you."—Tony.

"I wonder who's kissing her now."—Sam.

"We're loyal to you, Carthage dear."—Lucile R.

"I wouldn't if I could, but I can't."—Slater.

"Gee, but it's tough to be broke."—Tim.

"I didn't get home until morning."—Luther.

"No wedding bells for me."—Geo. Nethery.

"Mary's a grand old name."—Lynn.

"Everybody's loved by somebody."—Nell Clark.

"I plucked a lemon in the garden of love."—Dennis.

"Happy" till she dies.—Who?

Favorite Expressions

"I'll venture to assert."—Garfield.

"It seems to me like"—Gent.

"I'll be hornswoggled."—Happy.

"My land 'a hen feathers."—Ruth H.

"By dracious ain't that dreat."—Getzy.

"It's just like this bekays"—Parker.

"Oh gee, kids, don't you know."—Gladys.

"How perfectly ludicrous."—Grace D.

"Curses."—Flora G.

"Where's my letter?"—Martha B.

Need of the hour—for it to close.

"Isn't it a bore to be handsome."—Zelia.

Ada Zim to Bollin—"My folks say I'm too young to go with the boys."



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Women cost too much; marriage is a straight and narrow path from which there is no return or bypaths. It means children, a home and fixed habits, no more clubs, dances, etc. It is indeed all that the world offers yet it is like unto—

I think the monks were right: Love is a fever or a habit—a bad habit. You gain a woman, ergo, you lose your soul.—Judge.

"I have never dared to be as nice as I can be."—H. Black.

Lynn—"Well, I've never gone down yet."

Grace—"Yes, but she has."

They say that Dr. VanGundy never really stole anything, but they do tell that he once hooked a screen door. Lucile, indignantly upon hearing it, "Now when did this happen?"

Happy—"Honestly, my stomach is going to turn one of these days."
Getzy—"That'll be nice; you can just as well use the other side. I suppose the inside is getting tired."

Love's labor lost—Blanche and Beckie.

How doth the little shark delight
To sit and study all the night
And to exhibit all next day
The knowledge that she gained that way.

Her cardinal virtue—her hair—Letha A.

"I like Aurelia awfully well but she is too big for me."—Joe L.

Here's to fussin'—the disease that begins alright but gets you in the end.

Such a bashful youth.—Poland.

There was a fair Senior named Rand
Who had no one to hold her hand.
Along came gay Happy,
So perky and snappy,
And soon she'll wear a gold band.

First student—"We had jealous pie at the Dorm to-day."

Second student—"What's jealous pie."

First student—"Why, don't you know? It's pie where the top crust is so dead stuck on the bottom one that they won't let anything come between them."

"Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray your poor heart to women."—King Lear.

Little wads of cotton,
Little rolls of wire,
Make the pretty figure
All the boys admire.

Miss Hauser—the embodiment of grace.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

Ruthie had a little lamp,
She had it trained no doubt,
For every time the halter pulled
The little lamp went out.

To flunk is to make a gloomy fizzle. It is the bluffer's signal of distress,
and sometimes the finish of a star that once promised first magnitude.

"Love me and the world is mine."
"Gee, you want too much."

Important Dates

Past—When we beat Illinois.
The Girls' Gym party this year.
When the Seniors decided to publish an annual.
The Hallowe'en Party.
When we sang 77 in chapel.
When the Seniors initiated their gowns.
The Brain and Brawn Banquet.
Future—When Parker comes to chapel.
When we beat Illinois in Basket Ball.
When the bells ring regularly.
When the Science Hall is built.

Loomis (to anybody, but Florence in particular)—"I'm a loveable boy even
if I ain't very good looking."

Query—How many Seniors are engaged?

Shakespeare in College

Comedy of Errors	Freshmen
Much Ado About Nothing	Sophomore
As You Like It	Junior
All's Well That Ends Well	Senior

Tim—"Well, Bannen, how's Blondie by this time."
Bannen—"Alright, but her pug nose."

It's a wise girl who knows the psychological moment to blush.

The laugh that bespeaks the vacant mind.—Helen's.

Mary had a little waist
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
That waist was sure to go.

Against whom the world could not hold argument.—Lucile Rand.

Knocker's Club.—Students after the Annual is out.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp
He isn't especially bright;
He's often turned down, usually smokes
And frequently goes out at night.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy?
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his mind what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth?
The nails on the ends of his toes?
What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?
Can the crook of elbow be sent to jail?
And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

—Adapted.

A diamond in the rough—mostly rough.—Gent.

Superfluous quantity.—Three.

I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.

Imagine—

Helen Huston not talking.
Slater giggling.
Geo. Nethery preaching.
Bob and Ona together.
Blanche finding one to suit her.
Floy giving dancing lessons.
Zelia burning midnight oil.
Winkie and Monk training for football.

The three Graces—McCormick, Kunkle, Davidson.

The proudness of the Senior, when he's proud
And the cuteness of the Junior when he's cute,
Or the ignorance of the Sophomore when he's seen
Is not to be compared with the Freshie when he's green.

'Tis drawing toward evening and the drowsy curtains of night are already far drawn. A visitor is strolling on the campus. He pauses and listens. Wierd cries as of distress float over the otherwise quiet campus. "Alas," he thinks, "some one is being tortured, it is I to the rescue. I will be Johnny on the spot this time." He gains the door of Old Main and there meets a Freshman. "My good friend," he cried, "to the rescue; someone is in distress." For a moment the Freshie holds to the door and laughs boisterously in the face of the stranger, then calmly replies, "Have no fear my good friend, it is only the Glee Club practicing."

English Prof.—"I trust you have all read the next chapter, if not,—please read it again."

'Tis seldom you find them together: the Profs, your watch, and the bells.

New student to Beckstrand—"I beg your pardon, Professor, but can you show me where to go?"



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

A stitch in time saves much embarrassment.

"Why is physics like love?"
"The lower the gas, the higher the pressure."

What's in the Name?

Adelaide (surveying an 85)—"And to think, last year Laura O'Harra got 98 on this same paper."

How can I meet my Profs face to face if I have passed my exams?—
Apologies to Tennyson.

Slater (in Algebra class)—"Let me see, what young lady did I call on last?"

Silence!

"I believe it was Miss Zimmerman, now——"
But Ada promptly denied the charge.

Talcum covers a multitude of faults.

Here's to the fellow who doesn't roam,
Who never takes off a day;
Here's to the men who toil and grind
While the rest of us have our play;
Perhaps some day when the years have gone
And our college tasks are done,
They will be holding the easy job
While we have the under one.

Who Knows?

Manhood fused with feminine grace—Loomis.

Calm and unmoved she walks.—Pearl M.

Promises not only come home to roost but even lay for you.—Y. M. C. A.
Budget.

Gladys, absently—"Oh kids, don't you know, I just love those soft things."
Tim—"Yes, I know."

Prof. in Economics—"I have just recently read an article on domestic operation. It ought to be of interest to most of you. The context points out fully the influences suicide to domestic happiness."

Carrie, to one of the Nethery twins—"Which one are you, James or George? I never can tell you apart."

George—"I dunno—you see it sort a' gets me sometimes."

So, if your hit don't fret and growl,
Just grin; it's but a jest;
For he's the man that gets along
Who takes the proddings best.



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"As Ithers See Us."

AMONG the famous folk at C. C., there is none more widely known than a certain lad in the Sophomore class. He has broken many records since entering college; he can put more action into his ambulation up the evergreen walk than most of us can in traveling a mile. His hinges are secure, however, and he invariably arrives in one piece and with the amiable smile that always accompanies him. His capacity for book-keeping is unlimited—he holds the record for maintaining the most complete system of day books, ledgers, records, diaries, birthday books, etc., of any student in the United States. (We invite competition of other schools.) No one has ever walked farther into Nature's primeval forests to obtain the first flowers of the Springtide to lay, as a votive offering at his lady's (nay, rather ladies') feet; no one else has always carried a bottle of unpoped corn in his pocket; no one else has ever been able to break the record that he holds for persistence and optimism in affairs of the heart. And most important of all, no one else in school can boast of a better control of temper and a more willing disposition to help his fellow students than this friend of the girls.

The eternal question in C. C. is "Why does she yawn so much?" We have seen some girls who have felt sleepy on Mondays and some whose nature it was to be sleepy part of the time, but never, no never, have we seen any one who yawned all the time, every day, everywhere. When in class room, the Profs. wait patiently until she has finished yawning to hear the wonderful flow of eloquence and profound wisdom she always has on hand. (It is such a good bluff, you know.) If an industrious student seeks her out in the library to hunt a reference book, lo, he must wait patiently until she can see over the yawn. Surely she cannot be suffering from over-study, and she entertains Happy only eight nights a week, so is it queer that we wonder what causes this remarkable eccentricity in one so young?



And now, oh friend, what have we here? Alas, it is a Senior bold borne on toward her finale by the force of circumstances. Long ago, down in the dim past, long-forgotten by any present student, she entered college, and started her little court. She was a dangerous little flirt and everyone bowed the knee to her of all people. But it soon got old and every youth soon wished himself well out of it. Craftily enough, this scheming maid realized that she was down and out so she quietly withdrew to wait for the next generation. Alas, oh 1911! For you were fated to receive this impostor into your bosom. She descended upon you with a peck of discarded engagement rings and six gray hairs. None so wily as she, none so ancient, none so experienced in the intricate artifices of hearticulture. Therefore, is it to be wondered at, that our stately white-haired



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

Swede—a member of the Prep. aggregation and the pride of the school—fell a victim to her strategy? Another innocent led to the slaughter. To no avail did he duck around the grocery store corner; to no avail did he seek peace in the quiet of the library alcoves; to no avail did he maltreat Billy-boy; to no avail did he beat a hasty retreat at sight of the little red cap,—for however cautious he might be, this captivating captor met him at every turn.

Now, ferocious reader, the climax is at hand. For never existed a general but met his Waterloo. So with this Senior bold; she came to flirt, but remained to lose her heart. But alas, life for her is only a dream, far off in the future looms up her prospect as one of the country's grand educators mourning as ever for a man.

On September last, there arrived at C. C. a peculiar person from Gigglesville, Hilarity County. She established a reputation the first week for the ability to giggle longer and louder at nothing than anyone who ever registered in our school. She is supposed to be in the Freshman classes, but may be seen any hour of the day in the hall, looking for a man (any one will do, blondes preferred) and giggling. Visitors at the institution have repeatedly inquired if the Doctor of Science permitted vivisection, but we always assure them that what they hear is not guinea hens in the laboratories, but the famous giggle. Fearless, it breaks forth in the reading room, even in the very presence of Doctor Van G.—; it is heard on the campus, in the halls, in the office, anywhere, everywhere. Like the poor, we have it with us always.

What little lad is this of German visage and fresh from the soil? Surely this cannot be the famous "boiler-buster" of whom we have heard so much. Hasn't he had a fine time and a wonderful experience this year? How he has come into the public eye and how boldly he stands forth in the limelight! Did you hear him and did you behold the fiery gleam of his eye, the magnificent gestures, and the convincing manner he displayed when he delivered his famous, his wonderful, his never-to-be-forgotten plea for equal suffrage for women before the thousands, in the Carthage Opera House, who eagerly hung on every word? Won't pa and ma be proud of little "Scrapper" when he comes home in the Spring, his mind soaked with knowledge and his heart packed with ambitions to become the most successful hypnotist of this century?

O gentle reader, if your tender heart is grieved by a pathetic tale, equip yourself with a sheet or a self-squeezing mop, for lo, this is the tale of a wasted life. Fond and hopeful parents bade farewell three years ago to their youngest son, their baby boy, and sent him to Carthage to learn in three years what common mortals scarcely grasp in four. The first year all went well. The lad was studious and only spent two cents each week more than his board and necessary expenditures. This two cents he invested in gum drops at the corner grocery—his one extravagance. This so pleased the father that he promised the lad the gift of a farm or a trip to the Fatherland if he would have such a record all through the three years. The second year, the record was kept true, indeed, the account was even reduced to one cent, for verily, the boy discovered that one stick of Spearmint gum would retain its flavor for six days if he allowed it to rest and recuperate its strength while he was in class.

But alas! truly pride goeth before us all, and the downfall of our darling began in his last, his Senior year. Money sometimes is the root of evil, but for this once glory and honor and power were the instruments of the Evil One. It happened in Autumn. This obedient and economical lad attended the September class party and election, and behold, his attractiveness and charm, aided by energetic electioneering, won for him the highest honor ever given in C. C.—that of President of the Class of 1911. It was the beginning of the end. From that time forth, he was a changed creature. He became proud, haughty, impervious, commanding, rejoicing in his right to rule faculty and students. He began to sport green and purple ties, yea, and a foxy hat. Soon, after the manner of mankind, he began to wish for one to share his glory. After a prolonged discussion with the Professor of Economics on the high cost of living, and with the Committee on Dates, he threw discretion to the winds, bought two tickets for the lecture course, and came out with a new blue and green tie and a Freshman girl. Verily, the enslaved Senior is so blinded that he has thrown away the farm, yea, in truth, even Germany itself, for the heart of a Freshman maid. Poor, deluded, despairing parents! Surely co-education is a fearful and a wonderful thing.



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER

Alas and alack! Since this great and inspiring work has gone to press, conditions have so changed as to make this insert a necessity. Sad it is, yet true, that this lad's fortunes are now hopeless. Such reckless expenditures, such heedless extravagance,—and all in vain! For lo, so fickle is woman and so changeable her affections that now nothing appeals to her except the dashing and unimpressed wireless operator of the Sophomore class. For him she gladly bolts her classes, for him she sits in a certain society hall six or eight hours a day, for him she waits patiently until he adds his president's signature to her society programs. Poor hopeless, love-lorn Senior!

What a blow fell on him last Sunday when he with the object of his adoration sallied forth for an afternoon ramble. His heart beat fast with pride and joy and with tender glances bent on her he gaily strolled along. But woe was his for the very place that first proved his undoing was to be the cause of his most heart-breaking torture. As they passed the home where he had been made President of that marvellous class of 1911, he was again invited within. He and his heart's love entered and to their ears was unfolded such a tale of deception and treachery as cannot often be found except in a Nick Carter Library.

The editor of the Girl's Number of the Collegian was a Junior who fondly cherished neither Seniors nor their Annual—had in some peculiar manner obtained some material from that volume for their issue of the Collegian. Do you wonder that Senior hearts were stirred and righteous indignation aroused? What a humiliation to have the Collegians come out before the Annual! Then why not borrow the copies in Elbert's office until after Wednesday? Even the Freshman maid was enthusiastic over the project. How proud the Senior was to think she would help!

"At 8:30," quoth she, "we will get those magazines and on your mighty arm, you may bear them to my home. I will be the guardian, I will take care of them. For the sake of the class President I will be one of the guilty parties." But alas! the serpent whispered to her, "The Sophomore lad! The Sophomore! Think of his scientific feats, think of his prowess in tennis, remember how he can debate, remember that he is Editor-in-chief of your college paper." And weak woman fell! Home she hastened, called a certain number over the telephone, and behold it was the Sophomore lad whose arm bore away the prize to her home. And when the unsuspecting Seniors sought for those offensive magazines, lo, they were not.

O gentle reader, drop a tear of sympathy for the Senior. Such confidence, such perfect trust was his in spite of all friendly warnings. Deal gently with him, remember his heart is torn with such anguish and sorrow as comes only when one has "been taken in." And the haughty Sophomore, with a mocking gleam in his eye, makes his victory even the more galling for he wishes to publish this tale in his paper. Refrain, O Editor, we beseech you—your conquest is now perfect and you hold in your keeping the heart of the Freshman maid. Senior, Requiescas pace!

ANON.

CARTHAGE
COLLEGE



THE 1911 CRIMSON RAMBLER



After Class.



Joy Walkers



U.S.



O You Freshman!



Treed by R.H.



Beany



From Japland.



Name it.



Statistics of Famous Imbeciles

NAME	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	PERSONAL PECULIARITIES	AIM IN LIFE	DESTINY
Mark Getzendaner	Affable	Linguid Athletics	Aversion to femininity	To blow his own horn	Independent order of Celibates
Inez Thompson	Pious	Quoting Scripture	Chronic grouch	To make friends	Angel choir
Earl Poland	Volcanic	Seeking solitude	Superabundant equestrian knowledge	To rise higher	Pushing clouds
Ruth Schell	Unselfish	?	Superfluous virtue	To endure "Payne"	Authorities disagree
Zelia Schmidt	Naïve	Eating	Large appetite	To be beautiful	Starvation
Roswell O'Harra	Seraphic	Unknown	Intellectual ponderosity	To be good. Profundity	?
Leonore Chevillon	Captivating	Psychological research	Antipathy to genus homo	To train the youthful medulla oblongata	Who can tell?
Blanche Cannon	Loquacious	Perfecting the art of bluffing	Monumental nerve	Connubial bliss	Professional chapcron
Gertrude Hunter	Loving	Looking for Jack	Too numerous to mention	To never be seen alone	A parsonage
Mabel Johnson	Happy	Pounding an Underwood	White—a contrast to Black	To wed a preacher	Painter's colic
Ralph Crossland	?	Walking with Frances	Idiotic smile	To be a farmer	None



SEPTEMBER

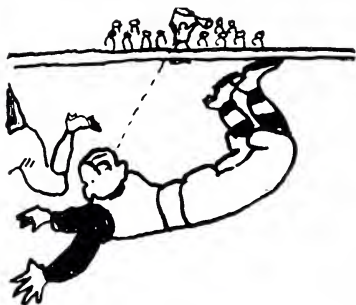
Aug. 31. They get here. Things wound up. No changes, only an exchange of money from one pocket to another.

- 1 Some few mothers' sons come here for the first time. Students meet the trains. Y. M. C. A. stag social. Much quaking, but they all pass thru. Rev. A. B. Leamer addresses students.
- 2 Getting acquainted; lots of pretty girls. President's reception.
- 3 C. E. social attracts attention. Lots of new crushes—only momentary. Freshies and Preps. busy looking forward to things to come.
- 4 First letter home. All the news.
- 5 Football practice begins in earnest. A new team is organized that can beat Illinois.
- 6 Seniors have first class meeting at Lucile's.
- 7 Societies elect officers. Rushing begins.
- 8 The Freshies hoist their flag and eventually lose it. The two classes then take to the tall timber.
- 9 Freshies and Sophs. shake hands and begin over again.
- 10 Luther sees Sara.
- 11 Most beautiful weather for strolling. Happy indulges.
- 12 Carrie Lipe leads in Y. W., splendid meeting.
- 13 Lucile decides to take second and third year German if she passes the first semester of first year grammar.
- 14 Seniors decide to get class pins.
- 15 Mark picks a "berry."
- 16 Happy is elected president of athletic association.
- 17 High Rollers have an official meeting. They eat watermelon and other dainties.
- 18 Blanche and Garfield get together for a chat.
- 19 Blanche meets Garfield at the grocery corner.
- 20 Walter begins working on the ads. for the *Collegian*.
- 21 First skating rink party of the season.
- 22 Freshmen visit Ferris on a hayrack.
- 22 Seniors have their class picnic. George gets a pancake turner.
- 24 Carpenter explains the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.
- 25 It is rumored that Dennis has a girl. Let us hope for the best, at least, as far as we can regulate.
- 26 Senior girls decide that the Senior boys are virtuously bashful—see Philoso-phy Club.
- 27 Martha hears from Peter.
- 28 High is again seen on the campus, ambling his bulky form toward the dorm table.
- 29 Beckie sees her again.
- 30 While Scrapper is having a good time in the kitchen, some audacious 'critter' stacked his room. The dad burned Scrapper!



OCTOBER

- 1 The High school talked, but they got what they weren't looking for—a goose egg at their end of the score.
- 2 People recovering from picnics and games.
- 3 Date bureau set up for convenience.
- 4 Prof. Carpenter (to his history class): "Now, of all things, keep your dates straight, or you will have no end of trouble."
- 5 Slater goes to the Q. depot.
- 6 Slater goes again, but comes back alone this time.
- 7 We played Canton U. A fumble in tackles lost the game.
- 8 Prof. Carpenter and Walter enjoy a chicken dinner at Wythe.
- 9 O. E. Pence hits Carthage over night.
- 10 Dramatic Club collects itself and talks things over.
- 11 Mary Lawless sets up her court at the Dorm.
- 12 Annual Gallilean.
- 13 Seniors decide to get out an Annual. Spirited class meeting ensues.
- 14 Pearl Martin prepares her Sunday School lesson. She has never missed S. S. since 6 years of age.
- 15 Hazel McCreary walks across the campus with a boy.



October 16

- 16 Gem City B. C. get the best of us by three points. Sam watches the side lines.
- 17 Ruth gets a halter.
- 18 Sam gets in a practice—saying Grace.
- 19 Wm. Hill starts his kindergarten. All blanks full now.
- 20 "Dr." Volmer is as busy as ever to-day.
- 21 Prof. Carpenter, in Homeletics: "When we meet again we will discuss how the son entered his new he(a)irship."

- 22 It was really an unhappy event for some, but the squirrels made a fine mess. Poor Neddle! After all his trouble, didn't even get the bones.
- 23 Lynn: I'm not afraid of that LaHarpe guy as long as he don't show up.
- 24 John and Gertrude get their heads together.
- 25 Hartman elected Business Manager of the Annual.
- 26 Mark applies at date bureau for a friend.
- 27 Harold Black begins to tire of singular life.
- 28 Illinois 0, Carthage 6. The story in a nutshell. It did us lots of good. Football banquet at the dorm. Heroes present and speak.
- 29 A typical "day after." Everybody smiles when they meet everybody.
- 30 Happy says "horn-swoggled."
- 31 Oh you Hallowe'en party.



NOVEMBER

- 1 Miss Johnson: "Professor, shall we dilute the H₂O?"
- 2 Oh, you pumpkin pie spread!
- 3 Dr. Collidge spends a good evening to our benefit.
- 4 Cora breaks the distilling apparatus.
- 5 Horrors! Mark was heard to say "darn" out loud, too.
- 6 Dr. Van Gundy forgets his class.
- 7 Happy went—well, you know where.
- 8 Coach Baird in the air. "This suspense is something terrible."
- 9 Baird finally finds out that he is elected Judge of Hancock County. "Here, shake on it, Judge."
- 10 Some people have a taffy pullin' in the country.
- 11 New hymnals arrive safely, but too late for chapel.
- 12 Gem City does it again. Hard luck. Hold 'em boys.



November 12

- 13 "Hello, is this 186—is Grace there—I'd like to speak to her, please."
- 14 We sing No. 77 in chapel.
- 15 Gym is swept—great excitement prevails. Number 77 again.
- 16 The bed bug listened to the bed tick. Sang 77 again.
- 17 Professor Carpenter is entirely disgusted with that measly Sophomore History class.
- 18 Weekly review—hash.
- 19 Dramatic Club examines candidates for admission. Scrapper blows up the furnace at the dorm. "It just happened; I never did nothin'."
- 20 Sunday. And there was peace—as it rained.
- 21 Ona, in English: "Love is the greatest emotion of the soul."
- 22 We trim up the High school in last practice game of season.
- 23 Great excitement. Remember the enthusiastic send-off the team got.
- 24 Macomb runs all over us.
- 25 *Collegian* comes out. Everybody reads it by the parental hearth.
- 26 The stay-overs enjoy themselves in the usual way. You know how that is.
- 27 Payne fills the spoonholder with his heart's desire.
- 28 Bartollotti Musical Co. gives second number of lecture course.
- 29 Karr Parker speaks to a girl (accident).
- 30 Professor Sundstrom has a hair cut.
- 31 Helen Huston giggles. Enough excitement for one day.



DECEMBER

- 1 Walker, after a trying day: "To be great, is to be misunderstood."
- 2 Awful! Dennis is seen at the vaudeville.
- 3 An elephant inserted his trunk in the grate and flew.
- 4 Love is a beautiful dream; marriage the awakening.
- 5 Faculty recital Miss Davidson shows her talent in her fine interpretation.
- 6 Skating rink party. Birthday party for S. Other things too numerous to mention.
- 7 Election of editor-in-chief of the *Collegian*.
- 8 Dramatic Club initiates new members. Somehow or other some fail to perform their stunts.
- 9 After a strenuous week the work is over once more till to-morrow. Oh! you kid party!
- 10 "Don't you ever think I don't know what it is to have 'one' far away."—Sam.
- 11 Some feel that this is indeed the *last* Sunday of the year, but they might stay till next week.
- 12 Senior pins arrive. All well pleased (?) Elect editor-in-chief of Annual.
- 13 Student's recital. A night of agonies.
- 14 Complications as to dates. Galileo has their annual alumni program.
- 15 Free-for-all oratorical contest. Turner captures the seal pin.
- 16 Phidelah Rice. School out for this year! Hurrah!
- 17 Everybody lights out for home. Lots of lingering farewells.
- 31 Happy and Sam get nervous and hurry back. Everything alright, though. Warm welcome as ever. Students begin to cram for exams.



December 31



JANUARY

- 1 Students make farewell calls at home. Every one anxious to get back to work. New resolutions.
- 2 They all get back but those that found it hard to break away. Lots of rejoicing and not much studying done that evening.
- 3 The machinery starts again after the interval. A mighty cold reception. Furnace out of order, etc.
- 4 Scrapper, in society: "When I was home Xmas, I caught a rabbit with felt boots on."
- 5 Stocking caps grow in demand and everyone has one. Settling down to business.
- 6 Walked away with the High school, 33-14. Sam had hard luck throwing baskets.
- 7 Lynn goes down to see Mary.
- 8 Dennis has a friend out to C. E. Good for Dennis.
- 9 Exam. schedule posted. Interested people.
- 10 Everyone seems studious and looks anxious.
- 11 LaHarpe Meteors 15. Carthage 26.
- 12 Valuable notes and note books grow in demand.
- 13 Basketball boys lose to Illinois, at Jacksonville. That accounts for it.
- 14 Calm before the storm. Sleet. Carthage High girls meet defeat. College seconds drubbed.
- 15 Student song service: "Lord God of hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."
- 16 Train whistles "down grades." Seniors report for an 8:15 exam; somebody forgets; they take it at 10:10.
- 17 A little relief from yesterday. More exams. Dr. Keyser lectures.
- 18 At noon it is all over with. Much rejoicing and celebrating of that event and others.
- 19 Lots of names put on the archives. Purses considerably lighter.
"I read one book last term. How many did you?"
- 20 A new start is made for the home run. Canton University girls fail to show up in fast company.
- 21 Helen Huston giggles again.
Nettie: "Bannen ought to set up a spooner's class."
- 22 Dr. Yutzy resigns as pastor of College church.
- 23 "Forgot to go to German"—Helen Huston. Dr. Cady speaks in chapel. Poland climbs to honor of track manager. O'Harra will be baseball manager.
- 24 Swaney reluctantly starts out as football manager for 1911. Pictures taken for the Annual. Everybody dressed up.
- 25 Still more pictures. Everybody sporty.
- 26 Girls have special day for their pictures. Sam in on one.
- 27 Dallas basketball girls meet Waterloo.
- 28 Some Seniors take in the sights of Keokuk and the great Dam.
Ada, after dinner, in Keokuk: "No, let's give them a chance to reach around us."
- 29 "A calm in the turbulent fever of life."
- 30 Boys lose to Parsons.
- 31 Iowa Wesleyan narrowly misses being beaten.



FEBRUARY

- 1 All the beautics of the Senior class rush to Keokuk for a real good picture.
- 2 Ground hog sees his shadow.
- 3 Girls show Macomb up in the final reckoning. Girls have won every game this season.
- 4 "There comes Bannen. My! how my heart flutters." (heard on the walk).
- 5 "Horrors! Lynn got his head busted last night."—Erna D.
- 6 Terrible accident! Ruth Schell bursts into laughter.
- 7 Trig. class has a spread for basketball girls.
- 8 If an Englishman hits his funny-bone, how long will it take an American to laugh? Answer: As long as it takes M. B. Cannon to get through school.
- 9 Skating rink party. Bannen comes home broke.
- 10 Macomb plays a mean trick on us when we go to call on them. Glad we are that it wasn't plain running, but dribbling.
- 11 Crossland and Frances are seen together again.
- 12 Nell Clark quotes from Poor Richard's almanac.
- 13 Ada Zim. takes a buggy ride on campus. Oh! you black pony!
- 14 Preliminary for Carthage Canton debate.
- 15 Nettie captures Bannen.
- 16 And Shurtleff led us to a cleanin'.
- 17 Seniors initiate caps and gowns by making an unexpected call on "Prexy."
- 18 "Why is it that Prexy slid along the wall so nicely the first of last evening?"
- 19 And it snowed for a change.
- 20 Glee Club starts out on Spring tour. Many widows in town as result.
- 21 Quiet reigns in the city, as of old. Student oratory recital.
- 22 Bill H. and Mark are invited out to supper in Dayenport.
- 23 "Rebecca" appears and draws forth a love scene.
- 24 We get even with Macomb by drubbin' them right.
- 25 Zelia and Mabel room together.
- 26 Oh you pink complexions!
- 27 The Bollin massacre. Nettie participates.
- 28 A sigh is the only sign that annoys anyone. "They will be back," is heard in audible whispers.



MARCH

- 1 A sadly bedraggled bunch of Glee Club fellows arrive at home.
- 2 Happy takes the vases down whither they are destined.
- 3 Glee Club concert.
- 4 The community recovers.
- 5 The usual Sunday duties are performed.
- 6 Lenore wants to know who gave the party that Gladys went to.
- 7 Dr. Bannen gives a benefit lecture for the athletic association.
- 8 Question: When will there be only 24 letters in the alphabet?
H. B. and M. J., in unison: "When U and I are one."
- 9 Ada Zimmerman asks Mark to scrape up enough money to take her to the rink Tuesday night.
- 10 Ralph Lawton's concert, St. Elmo, and basket ball.
- 11 Oh you slumber party!
- 12 Prof. S. N. Carpenter becomes pastor of College church.
- 13 Mark passes the hat for funds.
- 14 Skating rink party. Mark couldn't get enough money, so stayed at home.
- 15 Nellie Botts turns Bill Getzendaner down for B. and B. banquet.
- 16 Big night for parties. Happy spills the candy.
Wagoner gets the extra piece of cake.
- 17 Brain and Brawn banquet. Swaney there heavy. Who swiped Getzy's hat?
- 18 The day after. Much headache, etc., the result.
- 19 Sam makes the last night last a long time.
- 20 Grace McC. leaves for California. Many wishes. Two boxes of lemons.
Sam goes part way.
- 21 A sleepy, heart-broken youth gets off the Burlington train this morning.
- 22 Helen Huston giggles ! ! ! !
- 23 Hazel McCreary, in Education: "Yes, I can imagine a good man, but I can't find one."
- 24 Prexy entertains the Seniors. Heap much to eat. Lots of ghastly truths are exposed. A grand time.
- 25 Ruth Schell goes to Keokuk.
- 26 The day after.
- 27 Ruthie H. has a birthday.
- 28 Papa trims Billy's pompadour.
- 29 Blanche corners Beckstrand.
- 30 Preliminary for Hedding-Carthage debate.
- 31 Indoor track meet.



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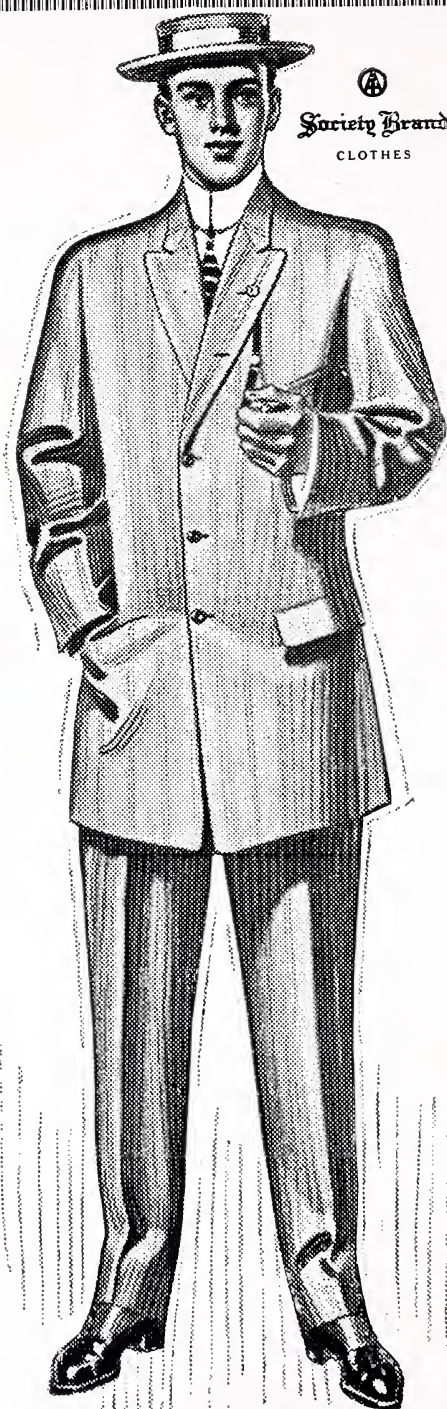
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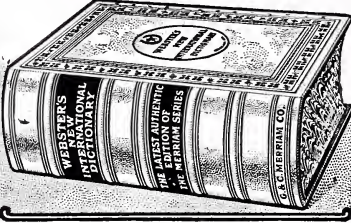
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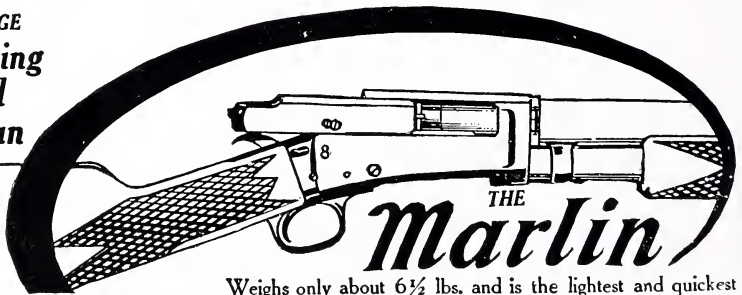
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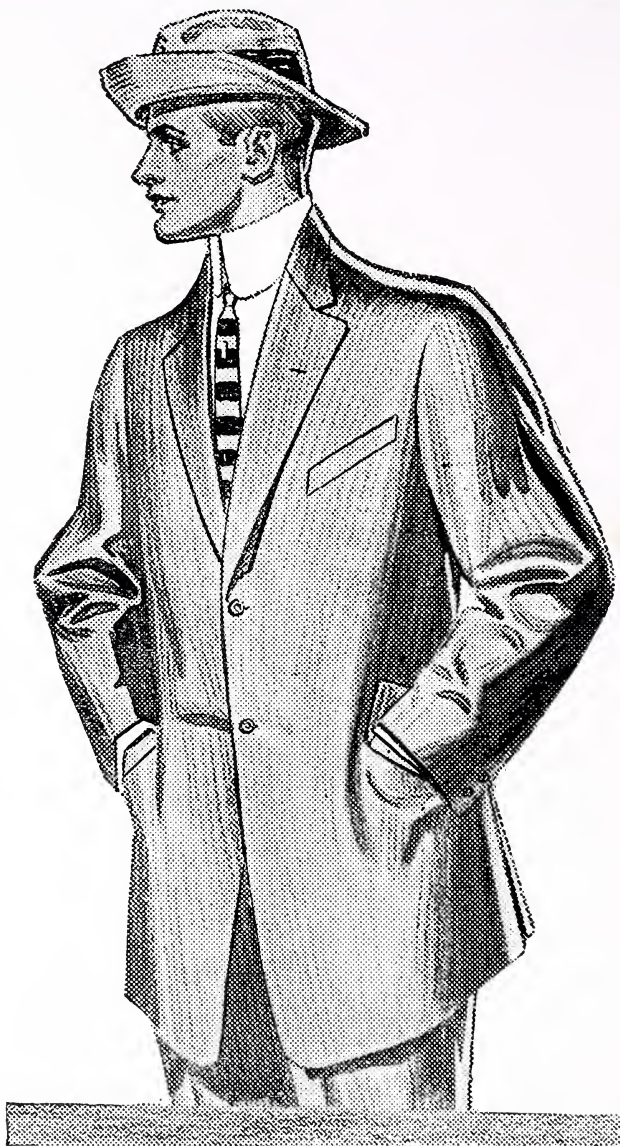


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1911 JULY 1911						
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1911 AUGUST 1911						
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1911 SEPTEMBER 1911						
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